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SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

Shadow 's never far from sunshine,
Night is never far from day,
Pain treads in the steps of pleasure,
Never is the whole year May.

Sunshine 's never far from shadow,
Day is never far from night,
Pain is followed still by pleasure,
Snow makes not the whole year white.

Meg's perpetual sighing tires me,
Meg's eternal smile 's as bad;
Give me Moll who's always changing,
Not long merry, not long sad.

Carlsruhe, Dec. 16, 1855.

DIALOGUE

Between a Stethoscopist and an Unborn Child.

BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

Stethoscopist (aplying the Stethoscope). Holla! any one there?

Child (within). Who calls?

S. A friend.

C. Let me alone; what do you want?

S. The time 's come; all 's ready?

C. What time 's come? what 's all ready?

S. Warm water, clothes, and nurse.

C. What warm water? what clothes? what nurse?

S. Warm water to wash you, clothes to dress you, nurse to suckle you.

C. Don't want any of them—wont have any of them.

S. You must have them; you can't do without them.

C. I can, and I will; let me alone.

S. I wont let you alone, you must come—you must have them.

C. I say I wont. Who are you at all? or what have you to do with me?

S. I'm the Doctor.

C. Who's the Doctor? what's the Doctor for?

S. To take care of you—to do you good.

C. I don't want any care; I don't want any good. I'm well enough as I am.

S. Come; you shall and must.

C. I wont; where do you want me to go? what do you want me to do? let me alone.

S. I want you to come here—to come to me.

C. Where are you?

S. Here.

C. Where?

S. Here.

C. Where's here?

S. Here.

C. Go away; let me alone.

S. Come, I say.

C. I wont.

S. You must.

C. You'll do something to me if I go.

S. Never mind, but come.

C. Tell me first will anything be done to me if I go.

S. Yes, you'll be washed.

C. What'll I be washed for?

S. To make you clean.

C. I'm clean enough—let me alone. If I go, is that all will be done to me?

S. No; after you're washed you'll be dressed—the clothes will be put on you.

C. What for?

S. To keep the cold from you.

C. Then its cold where you are?

S. Yes.

C. I wont go.

S. You must.

C. I wont go where it's cold.

S. You wont feel the cold once the clothes are on you.

C. Well, is that all? will it do when I've got the clothes on me?

S. No, you must get suck.

C. What 's suck for?

S. To keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. What 's growing sick, and dying?

S. You can't understand that yet.

C. Well then, when I 'm washed and get on the clothes, and take the suck, is that all?

S. No; that 's only the beginning; after that you must get medicine.

C. What 's that?

S. Something to keep you from growing sick and dying.

C. Then it 's the same as suck?

S. Not quite, but for the same purpose.

C. I wont go. It 's a bad place you 're in.

S. Good or bad, you must come.

C. Well, is there anything else after the medicine, or is it the last!

S. Then the clothes are to be taken off you, and you are to be washed again.

C. And that 's all?

S. No; then the clothes will be put on you again, and you 'll get suck again, and then—

C. I tell you I wont go at all; let me alone; I wont talk to you any more.

S. Make haste.

No answer.

S. Make haste, I say.

No answer.

S. Holla! holla!

C. Let me alone; go out of that.

S. Are you coming?

C. No; would you have me to go where it 's cold, and where I must be washed twice, and put on clothes twice, and take suck twice, and medicine twice?

S. Like it or not it's all one—come you must.

C. Well if you promise me that I'll have to do all you say only twice—

S. I'll make no promises—I'd be sorry to deceive you.

C. Must I do it all more than twice?

S. Yes; very often—over and over again.

C. How often?

S. I don't know; very, very often. You'll be always doing some one or other of these things, or having some one or other of these things done to you, or if not exactly one of these things, something pretty much the same.

C. How often in all do you think?

S. I really can't say how often; almost always until you die.

C. Die! I thought you said doing these things would keep me from dying.

S. Yes, for a little while, but not always.

C. How long?

S. I really can't say. You will die immediately if you don't do them; and not quite so soon if you do.

C. Then if I go, I think I wont do them at all. Better die a little sooner and save all the trouble.

S. You would not say that, if you knew what a terrible thing death is.

C. Go away; it's very bad of you to want me to go to a place where there must be always something doing to me to keep me from dying, and where nothing will keep me long from it. I wonder you would ask me to go to such a place at all.

S. Staying where you are wont save you; you'll die equally whether you stay there or come here.

C. Then I'll stay here, where there's nothing to be done to me, rather than go to you where there's so much to be done to me to so little purpose.

S. But it makes a great difference whether you die where you are or here.

C. Why, what difference does it make? Didn't you say it was a terrible thing to die where you are? what worse can it be to die here?

S. A great deal worse—no comparison worse.

C. How 's that? I don't understand that; it 's dying in both cases; where you are, after much trouble and doing all manner of things to keep yourself from dying, and here, after no trouble at all.

S. Poor innocent child, how little you know about it! I pity you.

C. Do you know I think I 'd begin to like you if you wouldn't frighten me so. I 'd never have known anything about dying if you hadn't told me—but what 's the difference between dying here and where you are? it 's dying, after all.

S. The difference is this: if you die where you are, you 'll remain dead forever; if you die here, you 'll be made alive again, and never die any more.

C. Then my mind 's made up to staying and dying here. Alive, and dead, and then alive again, seems to me a very clumsy round-about way; once dead, I think one may as well remain dead, and no more about it; especially if the life one is to have after being made alive again, is anything like the life you say you have where you are.

S. I shudder when I hear you talk so. It is an awful thing to die and remain dead forever.

C. As to the dying, you have it equally whether you remain dead or are made alive again; and as to the remaining dead, who knows but if I were made alive again I would come in for as bad a life as you say you have where you are.

S. It would be either a great deal better or a great deal worse than this; certainly not the same—not like this at all.

C. Would it be like what I have here?

S. No, not at all—quite different.

C. Then how do I know that I would like it?

S. If you happened upon the one that is worse than this, you certainly would not like it, for it is made on purpose that you should not; but if you happened upon the other, it is equally certain that you would like it, for it is made on purpose that you should.

C. And which would I be most likely to happen on?

S. Why, to tell you the truth, you would be beyond all comparison most likely to happen on the one you wouldn't like.

C. What are the odds?

S. I don't know precisely; some say a thousand to one, some say a hundred thousand to one, some a million to one.

C. I believe you take me for a fool.

S. Why?

C. To suppose I would think for a minute of running such a chance. But stay—would I be let come back again if I didn't like that second life?

S. No; never.

C. And I must always stay in it no matter how much I disliked it?

S. Yes; forever and ever and ever without end.

C. And do you really think me such a fool? No; if I must die I'll stay and die here, where I am sure of not being made alive again. I'll run none of your chances.

S. By doing so you lose all chance; not only the chance of the bad life, but the chance of the good one also.

C. How do I know I would like the good life, as you call it, even if I was so lucky as to get it? maybe I mightn't think it good at all; and even if I should find it as good as you say, I wouldn't like to go and live where you are, in order to get it; it is a shocking idea to me, to go where I must be always washing, and putting on and off clothes, and taking suck and medicine, and then, after all, dying, and being made alive again with nine hundred and ninety-nine chances in a thousand that I would get a life made purposely to be disagreeable to me and in which I must stay and live forever, and only one chance in a thousand of my getting a life intended to be agreeable to me, and if I should be so fortunate as to hit upon that thousandth or hundred-thousandth or millionth chance, finding after all that it was the very kind of life that above all others I hated.

S. I say again you don't know what an awful thing it is to remain dead forever.

C. How do you know better than I? Were you ever dead forever?

S. No; certainly not.

C. Then how do you know it 's such a terrible thing?

S. Why really I don't know from experience, but I guess it is so.

C. Then it 's nothing but a guess you 're making all this work about. Can you tell me what being dead forever and never made alive again is like?

S. No, I cannot.

C. And yet it 's so awful? It 's being made alive again should be awful to you, and not being let remain dead.

S. Why?

C. Because the second life must be at least something like the first else it wouldn't be life at all, and the first according to your own account of it is awful enough.

S. I have just thought of something that being dead forever is like.

C. Well, let 's hear.

S. Why, I should think it 's very like the state we were in during the past Ever.

C. What state 's that?

S. The state of not being at all—the state of nothing or nothingness.

C. Well, at all events there 's nothing bad in nothing—neither good nor bad; it 's sheer nothing, and therefore neither bad nor awful.

S. I see there's no use in arguing with you.

C. Not a bit, unless you argue better than you have done yet. Every word you have said has only made me more determined to stay where I am.

S. I wanted to persuade you to agree to what you couldn't help—to do willingly what you must do whether you will or no.

C. You have just produced the opposite effect.

S. Well, I must say I rejoice that it does not depend on your will; that you will be forced to your good.

C. It's a sad condition to be forced to do what you think good, and I think bad. Would you like to be forced to do what I think good, and you think bad?

S. No matter whether I would like it or not, it's the very condition in which you are.

C. Alas! alas! what a sad condition! well at all events I'll stay here till I'm forced.

S. If you only knew what a fine thing is to happen to you on the road, you'd be in a hurry to come at once—you'd think you never could be here soon enough.

C. Hah! hah! hah!

S. What makes you laugh?

C. I'm laughing at yourself. When you find you can't frighten me into what you want, you think you'll try what coaxing and cajoling will do. Go on; what fine thing 's to happen me?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am, you're to get a soul.

C. A soul! what's that?

S. I can't describe it to you better then by saying it's a soul, a spirit.

C. At least you can tell me what it's like.

S. No I can't.

C. Did you ever see one?

S. No, I never did.

C. Did you ever feel one?

S. No never.

C. Ever taste, or smell, or hear one?

S. No.

C. Have you one yourself?

S. Yes.

C. Have you it long?

S. Yes; as long as I can remember.

C. Then surely you must have either seen or felt or tasted or smelled or heard it before this.

S. No.

C. Then how do you know you have it?

No answer.

C. What use is it to you?

No answer.

C. Where did you get it?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am.

C. Then you were once here?

S. Not exactly there, but in a precisely similar place.

C. And were forced out of it as I am to be forced out of this?

S. Yes.

C. And got the soul on the way?

S. Yes.

C. Whereabouts on the way did you get it?

S. I don't know.

C. Was it near here or near there?

S. I don't know.

C. Was it waiting for you, or was it coming to meet you?

S. I don't know.

C. What did you do with it when you got it?

S. Nothing.

C. But you 're quite sure you got it?

S. Yes, perfectly sure.

C. And have it still?

S. Yes.

C. Where?

S. I don't know.

C. Was there warm water and clothes and suck and medicine waiting for you too?

S. Yes.

C. Maybe the soul was in some of them.

S. No; I got it first.

C. Between the place you were forced out of, and the first washing?

S. Yes.

C. Was it far between?

S. No, quite close.

C. That was lucky; you hadn't to go far looking about for it.

S. No; I hadn't to look for it; I didn't know anything about it at all.

C. Then nobody had told you about it, as you have told me?

S. No; I was forced out at once without any noise.

C. My obligation to you's the greater.

S. I beg you'll not mention it.

C. It's well you got it at all, as you weren't expecting it, didn't know anything about it, and couldn't either have seen or felt it, if you had; I suppose it knew about you.

S. I think it must, else how so exactly hit the nick of time?

C. Wouldn't it have done equally well a little later—suppose after your first being washed and dressed and getting suck and medicine?

S. No; not by any means as well.

C. Why?

S. I might have died in the interval, and then what would have become of me?

C. You needn't ask me; it's I should ask you; tell me what would have become of you in that case.

S. I should have remained dead forever.

C. Now I begin to understand you; it 's by means of this soul you get the second life. Am I right?

S. Perfectly; the soul is immortal, never dies.

C. Then the soul has only one life; what never dies can't have two lives, unless it has them both together.

S. Certainly.

C. But you die, don't you?

S. Yes, to be sure.

C. And are made alive again?

S. Yes.

C. Then while you 're dead what becomes of the soul that never dies?

S. I never thought of that.

C. Well, no matter about that; I suppose it will be taken care of, as it was before you got it.

S. I have no doubt of it.

C. It will be kept for you and you 'll get it again when you 're made alive the second time, just as you got it when you were made alive the first time?

S. I suppose so; there can indeed be no doubt of it.

C. Then after all it 's not by means of the soul you get the second life, any more than it 's by means of the soul you get the first life; on the contrary you get the soul after you have already got the second life, just as you get the soul after you have already got the first life. If I'm not right I hope you 'll correct me.

S. You must be right, for it 's certain I die, and it's equally certain the soul never dies.

C. Then the way is really this: First you 're made alive, as I am now, without any soul; then you go from where I am to where you are, and on the way you get the soul; then you die and, as the soul never dies, it leaves you and you are without a soul again; then you are made alive again, and then finally you get the soul again.

S. Just so; I think that is a very clear account of the matter.

C. You 're made alive first each time, and get the soul after; and the first time you get the soul it doesn't hinder you from dying, but the second time it does.

S. Yes.

C. It 's a pity it hasn't the virtue the first time you get it.

S. Aye, that it is! then we 'd have no dying at all; that indeed would be the fine thing!

C. I don't mean that it would be better there should be no dying—unless indeed one would be allowed to stay always where I am at present—but as you tell me that can't be, and that I must go to where you are whether I like it or not, then I think it 's better there should be dying, provided only that dying was final and would put an end to your trouble; but as you inform me again that it 's not final and will not put an end to your trouble, but rather be the beginning of it, and that after being dead for awhile, you are to be made alive again, and live on forever, just as if you had never been dead, then I think it better to have no dying at all, for what is it but mere lost trouble—sheer bad management—bother for nothing?—Stay, what 's that pulling me? Is that the soul? am I getting the soul now?

S. As there 's no use in talking to you—

C. O! O! O! don't pull me so hard.

S. Come along—this way—come along—

C. O! O! O!

S. Come along, I say—come along, my little philosopher—come along—

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 4, 1854.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

AUTUMN PICTURES.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Blue skies and bracing air
And a sweet moonlike sunshine. O'er the streams
Wander light breezes, that with wings unseen
Ruffle the flowing silver, and upturn
The willows' foliage white side to the sun.
Dark verdure, juicy with October rains,
Swards every road-side bank. The wooded hills,
In Autumn's gorgeous motley garmented,
Flame in the distance, while in thickets near
The stunted trees that top the undergrowth
Dapple the green with gold.

Fair these nights
With their white moons, that in the middle air
Half way 'twixt Earth and Heaven seem to hang—
Or moonless, with their wealth of golden stars
Enriching darkness.

The Autumnal morns,
Are they not beautiful? The lifting mists,
The glistening foliage varnished with the dew,
The ponds and pools all furrowless as glass,
And in the Orient troops of angel-clouds
Trailing their light robes through the rosy dawn.

I love the year in its green, hale old age
Better than in its prime. In Summer's glow
[illegible] soul revive. [illegible]
Is full of life—a rich exhilarant—
The laughing-gas of Nature! Sport leaps up
And wakes the woodlands with his feu de joie,
Or with exulting shouts the charging pack
Cheers on the flying game.

Beauty and Joy
And Health and Luxury and Poesy
Are thine, transcendant Autumn! Luscious fruits,
That with rich odors feast the enamored air,
Glow in thy Dragonless Hesperides.
Flowers deeper hued than those of Summer born
Lend glory to thy gardens. More than all,
Thine are the garnered treasures of the soil
By Summer nurtured; and to Winter cold
Thou leav'st in trust, that God-like legacy,
A Nation's bread!

[From 'Once a Week,' August 25.]

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

In spite of discrepancies in the many notices which have come down to us relative to this mysterious personage, it is impossible to doubt that a prisoner, whose face was always covered by a mask, whose identity was concealed by precautions unparalleled in the annals of tyranny, and who was, nevertheless, treated with a degree of respect and personal indulgence such as would scarcely have been accorded save to an individual of the most exalted rank, did really pass the greater part of his life in various State Prisons of France, in the immediate custody and guardianship of M. de Saint-Mars, a man of some eminence under Louis XIV., a country gentleman of Champagne, Lord of Dinon and of Palteau in Burgundy, who was one of the King's body-guard, and filled successively the post of Governor of the State Prisons of Pignerol, Sainte-Marguérite, and the Bastille.

Voltaire, Soulavie (secretary to the Marshal Duc de Richelieu), Péra, Griffet, the Abbé Papon, Desodoard, De Landine, Beth, and a host of others—French, German, English, and Spanish—have written on this subject; collecting, commenting upon, and in some instances evidently embellishing, by the efforts of their own imaginations, the traditions regarding this mysterious prisoner, which have been handed down in the various places in which he was confined. But amidst the host of contradictory assertions, discrepant dates, and apocryphal anecdotes which complicate the subject, the authenticated facts at which the industry of consecutive inquirers has arrived with regard to it, are briefly as follows.

Shortly after the death of Cardinal Masarin, about the year 1662, a prisoner, whose face was concealed by a mask, was brought with the utmost privacy by M. de Saint-Mars, to the chateau of Pignerol, in Piedmont, a citadel built by the French, and demolished in 1696. The prisoner appeared to be young; was tall, well-made, and of noble bearing. The mask he wore was not of "iron," as generally believed, but of black velvet, stiffened with whalebone, and furnished about its lower part with steel springs, which permitted its wearer to breathe, eat, drink, and sleep, without difficulty. It covered the whole of the face, and was fastened behind the head with a padlock, of which the Governor kept the key. This functionary was under orders from the King to put the masked captive immediately to death if he attempted to show his face, or to communicate a knowledge of his identity to any one.

About the year 1698, this same prisoner was removed to the castle in the little island of Sainte-Marguérite, off the coast of Provence, where he occupied an apartment lighted by a window on the North side, pierced through a wall four feet thick, secured by three iron bars. A sentinel was always placed at the two extremities of the fortress towards the sea, with orders to fire on any vessel that should approach within a certain distance.

In 1698, M. de Saint-Mars was appointed Governor of the famous fortress of the Bastille; and on quitting Sainte-Marguérite, took the masked prisoner thither in a litter. The new Governor is stated by M. de Jonca, then Lieutenant of the Bastille, to have arrived at the dreaded fortress with his masked charge on Thursday, the 18th of September, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The latter on his arrival was placed in the tower of the Basinière, where he remained until nine o'clock at night, when he was conducted by M. de Jonca to an apartment in 'the third tower of the Bertandière,' which he occupied until his death. This apartment was the best in the Bastille; and had been previously prepared for its new occupant by order of the Governor, and furnished with everything that was deemed necessary for his use. The masked prisoner was accompanied on his installation in this apartment by an attendant named De Rosargues, said to have been a major in a Company of Free Lances, who was appointed to wait upon him, and who continued to do so until the death of the captive. As this De Rosargues had accompanied the new Governor and his mysterious charge from Sainte-Marguérite, it is probable that he had previously served the latter in the same capacity. Very few of the other officials or servants employed in the Bastille were allowed to approach the prisoner, and none were ever permitted to speak with him. He was sometimes visited, when indisposed, by a medical officer attached to the prison; and also on one occasion by the surgeon Nélaton, who bled him in the arm. These gentlemen were allowed to feel his pulse, examine his tongue and other parts of his body, and to address to him a few queries respecting his health; but they were neither permitted to see his face, nor to speak with him. M. Nélaton described the masked patient as of dark complexion, possessing a voice so sweet and touching that it could not be heard without awakening sympathy; making no complaint of his position; grave and dignified in manner, and having the air of a person of distinction; a description which tallies with that which was given of him to Voltaire by the son-in-law of the physician of the Bastille.

Rigorous as was his sequestration from the world, he was uniformly treated with the utmost respect by all who approached him. Already, in the Castle of Sainte-Marguérite, he had been visited by the Duke de Louvois, whose intimacy with the King had probably gained for him a knowledge of the identity so much disputed in later times; and this nobleman, whose haughtiness was proverbial, remained uncovered and standing throughout the interview, and is even said to have addressed the prisoner as 'mon Prince.' M. de Saint-Mars—a man of repulsive exterior, harsh manners, and dubious principles, but whose devotion to the King was entire and unhesitating—invariably remained standing in the presence of his captive; and, on the day when he entered the Bastille as its Governor, himself waited upon him at table. The apartment occupied by the prisoner was richly furnished; his apparel was of the most sumptuous description; and he was supplied with the most luxurious viands, served up in silver plate. Of his avocations during his long con- [illegible] Nov. 18th, 1703, the masked prisoner [illegible] the following day. As soon as he expired, his head was severed from his body, and cut to pieces, to prevent his features from being seen. The headless trunk, registered under the designation of "Marchiali, aged forty-five," was interred on the 20th inst. in the cemetery of the church of St. Paul, in the presence of De Rosargues, and of M. Reihl, Surgeon-Major of the Bastille. The mutilated remains of the head were buried in different places, in order the more effectually to disappoint curiosity. Immediately after his decease, an order was given to destroy everything that had been used by him. His clothes, linen, mattresses, bedding, and furniture were burned; the plate which had been used at his table was melted down; the walls of the apartment in which he had been confined were carefully scraped and then whitewashed, its doors and windows were destroyed, and its flooring was taken up to make sure that no scrap of paper, no distinctive relic, or mark of any kind, had been hidden beneath it by its mysterious occupant.

It will be seen, from this rapid sketch of the life of the unhappy individual in question, that while little, beyond the mere fact itself, has been gleaned by the above-mentioned writers respecting his imprisonment at Pignerol, no trace whatever of his existence previous to that event has been discovered by them; and yet, as Voltaire has pertinently remarked in commenting upon this fact, no political character of sufficient importance to justify the precautions exercised with regard to the masked prisoner, and the efforts made, after his death, to blot out, if possible, his very remembrance from among the living, had disappeared in Europe at the period when he was sent to Pignerol.

Entire silence appears to have been maintained on the subject of the masked captive, by the persons to whom this singular State-secret was confided; and the successors of Louis XIV. have invariably maintained the same attitude with regard to it. M. de Chamillard seems to have been the last person, out of the royal family of France, who was entrusted with this secret. The second Marshal de la Feuillade, who married his daughter, and who had always been tormented by the desire to penetrate the mystery, conjured his father-in-law, on his knees, when M. de Chamillard was on his death-bed, to reveal to him the name of the prisoner then, as now, known by the name of 'The Man in the Iron Mask.' But the expiring minister refused to satisfy his curiosity, declaring it was a secret of State, and that he had sworn never to reveal it.

Louis XV., to whom the secret is said to have been revealed by the Regent, remarked, on one occasion, when certain courtiers had been discussing this subject in his presence: "Let them dispute; no one has yet said the truth upon this matter."

M. de Laborde, first valet to Louis XV., and who stood high in the favor and confidence of his master, once besought him to tell him the secret of this imprisonment: when the king replied, "I am sorry that it happened; but the confinement of that unfortunate man did no wrong to any one but himself, and saved France from great calamities;" adding, "You are not to know who it was."

Among the legends which sprang up around the prison-homes of the mysterious individual in question, is one that tells how, while at Sainte-Marguérite, the prisoner one day wrote something with the point of a knife, on one of the silver plates used at his table, and flung it out of the window towards a boat that stood near the bank, almost at the foot of the tower. A fisherman, who owned the boat, took up the plate, and carried it to the governor, when the latter, with great surprise, asked the fisherman, "Have you read what was written on this plate? Or has anybody else seen it in your hands?"

"I cannot read," replied the fisherman, "I have but just found it, and nobody else has seen it."

The fisherman was detained until Saint-Mars was well assured that he could not read, and that no one else had seen the plate; when he was dismissed by the governor with these words:

"Go, then; it is lucky for you that you do not know how to read."

A similar story is told by the Abbé Papon, who claims to have gained his information respecting the mysterious captive in the Island of Sainte-Marguérite itself. This writer was informed by an officer of la Franche Comté, that his father, who had served in the same company, and had enjoyed the confidence of Saint-Mars, had assured him that a 'frater' (barber's boy), belonging to the corps, one day perceived something white floating under the prisoner's window; that he took it up, and carried it to Saint-Mars; that it was a very fine shirt, neatly folded up, on which something was written. That Saint-Mars, having unfolded it, asked, with a face expressive of great embarrassment—"if the boy had had the curiosity to read what was written on it?" That the boy solemnly protested he had read nothing; but that, two days afterwards, he was found dead in his bed; and that he (the officer) had often heard his father relate this incident to the chaplain of the fortress, as an undoubted fact.

The Abbé was also informed by the same officer that his father had been obliged, on the death of the woman who used to wait on the prisoner, to take the corpse on his shoulders, at midnight, to the place of burial; and that he had imagined the deceased to be the prisoner himself, until he was ordered by the governor to find another woman to take her place. That he had discovered, at a neighboring village, a woman who seemed likely to suit, and that the governor had assured her that her acceptance of the proposed situation would be the means of making the fortune of her children; but on condition that she should never see them again, never leave the service she was invited to enter, and never again hold any intercourse with the rest of the world; and that the woman refused to allow herself to be incarcerated for life upon those terms, especially as she was informed that the least indiscretion on her part would cost her dear. The same writer tells us, in his *History of Provence*, that one day, when Saint-Mars was conversing with the prisoner, as he came out of the chamber (a sort of corridor or gallery whence he could see from a distance those who came thither), the son of one of his own friends arrived, and was advancing towards the place where he stood. Hearing the noise (of some one approaching), the governor hastily shut the door, and coming up to the young man, demanded of him, with a troubled countenance, "If he had seen anybody, or had heard anything he had been saying?" Being assured that he had not, he made him return home the same day, writing to his friend 'how imprudently his son had acted, and how great a danger he had run.'

It has also been asserted by M. Crange Chancel, that a person named Du Buisson and some other prisoners were placed in a room under that occupied by the masked captive, and conversed with him by the tunnel of the chimney; and on Du Buisson asking him to tell him his name and condition, he replied that "to do so would cost his own life, and the lives of those to whom he should reveal the secret." This writer does not state in which of the prisons inhabited by the mysterious captive this conversation took place; but we know [illegible] of the building in 1789, to be absolute- [illegible] tives; and, moreover, so closely watched and guarded as were the State-prisoners of France at that period—neither pen, ink, nor knife being left in their possession—it is difficult to believe that either that, or the incident of the shirt, could really have happened.

But without attaching much importance to these stories, enough, as we have seen, is certainly known with regard to the history of the prisoner in question to justify the conclusion, that he must have been not only a person of very high rank, but also one whose existence was a source of danger to the monarch by whom he was retained so long sequestrated from all that gives value to life; and, as already remarked, a problem so eminently calculated to stimulate inquiry as the secret of an identity which could at once inspire so much uneasiness, and command so much deference, on the part of a sovereign so proud and so unscrupulous as Louis XIV., could not fail to lead to a vast amount of research, and to prompt the formation of various hypotheses explanatory of the mystery: these hypotheses being almost as numerous as the writers who support them, and, with the exception of those advanced by the two first-named, agreeing only in their obvious impossibility.

Thus, some have supposed the masked prisoner to have been the Count de Vermandois (son of Louis XIV. and the Duchesse de la Vallière), punished in this manner for having struck the Dauphin; the disgraced minister Fouquet; the Duke of Monmouth; the turbulent Duke de Beaufort, commonly known as the 'King of the Markets;' the schismatic Armenian Patriarch, Arwedicks, noted for his hostility to the Catholics of the East; and Count Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, Senator of Mantua and private agent of the Duke, who, after having entered into a secret treaty with Louis XIV., for the sale of the fortress of Casale—the key of Italy—thwarted and disappointed the policy of that sovereign, and incurred his vengeance by inducing his master to break off the negotiation with the French king, and to accept the higher bribe which had been subsequently offered by the emissaries of Spain and Austria.

As for the Duke of Monmouth, who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 6th of July, 1685, and the Duke of Beaufort, who, having escaped from the prison in which he had been confined on a charge of conspiring against the life of Cardinal Mazarin, began a civil war, made his peace with the king, was created Admiral of France, defeated the Turkish fleet near Tunis in 1665, and was killed in a sally at the siege of Candia in 1669, the pretensions put forth on their behalf are clearly inadmissable; while the other hypothetical explanations of the mystery appear to have been suggested solely by certain coincidences of dates and places in the fragmentary notices that attest the various imprisonments undergone by the masked captive, and the persons whom he has been supposed to be. None of them can stand examination; a simple comparison of other ascertained dates in the history of the captive in question with those of various authenticated incidents in the lives of these other persons, sufficing to show that no one of these could have been identical with the unfortunate prisoner in question. Nor, indeed, even were not the hypotheses alluded to thus positively disproved, would it be possible, in the case of any of the persons thus brought forward, to explain the excessive precautions employed by the government, with regard to the masked prisoner, both before and after his death, the secrecy so scrupulously maintained in regard to him by Louis XIV. and his successors, or the assertion of Louis XV. that the incarceration of this captive had saved France from great calamities.

Voltaire, who was the first to call attention to this subject, and who declares that he gained his information from parties still living in his time, eye-witnesses of the particulars he gives, and who may possibly have gathered some information on the subject during his two imprisonments in the Bastille, was the first to suggest a logical solution of this curious problem, by sup-

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending September 15, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary on the Song of Solomon. By Rev. George Burrowes D.D. 12mo. $1 25. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

Annan on Arminian Methodism. Fourth Edition. Rewritten and Revised. 12mo. 75 cents. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

A Brief Treatise on the Canon and Interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, for the Special Benefit of Junior Theological Students, but intended also for Private Christians in General. By Alexander McClelland, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick. 12mo. pp. 336. 75 cents. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Outlines of Theology. By the Rev. A. Alexander Hodge, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Fredericksburgh, Virginia. 8vo. pp. 522. $2. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of George Washington. By Hon. Edward Everett. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 348. With a steel plate likeness of Mr Everett, from a bust by Powers. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

POETRY.

The Poets and Poetry of the West. Edited by W. T. Coggeshall, Ohio State Librarian. 1 vol. royal octavo. pp. 688. Half morocco, gilt tops. $3. (Sold only by subscription.) Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

Poems. By Augustus Julian Requier, of Mobile. 12mo. 75 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FICTION.

The Linton Family; or, the Fashion of this World. By Sarah H. Bradford, author of The Silver Lake Stories, Lenie, Ups and Downs, etc., etc. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 380. $1. New York: Pudney & Russell.

The Actress in High Life: an Episode in Winter Quarters. 12mo. pp. 416. $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon. By Washington Irving. New Edition. Illustrated with Engravings on Steel and on Wood, from Designs by Jarvis, Darley, Chapin, Hoppin, Smillie, Herrick, Beaulieu, McDonough. Square octavo, on buff-tinted paper, from $3 50 to $6 50. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humorists. By Washington Irving. New Edition. Illustrated with Fourteen beautiful Engravings on Steel, from Designs by Schmolze, and Sixteen Designs on Wood by Herrick. Octavo, from $3 50 to $6 50. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Diedrick Knickerbocker. By Washington Irving. New Edition. Illustrated with Engravings on Steel and on Wood, from Designs by Darley, Cruikshank, Hoppin, Leslie, Washington Allston, W. Heath, etc. From $3 50 to $6 50. New York: G. P. Putnam.

POLITICAL.

The Parent of Organized Emigration. Six Speeches of Hon. Eli Thayer of Massachusetts, with a Sketch of his Life. 12½ cents. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

The Caucuses of 1860; or, A History of all the National Political Conventions. By M. Halstead, Editor of 'Cincinnati Commercial.' An eye-witness of them all. Octavo. 50 cents. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

LEGAL.

A Treatise on the American Law of Real Property. By Emory Washburn, LL.D., University Professor of Law in Harvard University. 1 vol. 8vo. $5 50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Treatise on the Law of Libel and Slander. By Franklin F. Heard. 1 vol. 8vo. $3 50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MEDICAL.

Memoranda Medica; or, Notebook of Medical Principles. Being a concise Syllabus of Ætiology, Semeiology, General Pathology, Nosology, and General Therapeutics. With a Glossary. For the use of Students. By Henry Hartshorne, A.M., M.D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, etc. 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Worcester's Comprehensive Dictionary. For Schools, Counting-rooms and Families. Revised and Enlarged. By J. E. Worcester, LL.D. 1 vol. large 12mo. pp. 608. $1. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston.

Anticipations of the Future, to serve as lessons for the present time. In the form of letters from an English resident in the United States to the London 'Times' from 1864 to 1870. With an appendix on the causes and consequences of the independence of the South. 12mo. $1. Richmond, Va.: J. W. Randolph.

Steam for the Million. A Popular Treatise on Steam and its Application to the Useful Arts, especially to Navigation. Intended as an instructor for young seamen, mechanics, apprentices, academic students, passenger in mail steamers, etc. By J. H. Ward, Commander U. S. Navy. A new and revised Edition. 1 vol. Octavo. $1. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The Fruits and Fruit Trees of [illegible]

Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, for the Year 1859-60. 8vo. pp. 356. New York: J. Smith Homans.

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGICAL.

Of Heaven and its Wonders, and of Hell, from what have been Heard and Seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the Original Latin, published in London, in 1758. 8vo. 5s. London: Longman.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By Dr. Stebbing. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Bentley.

HISTORICAL.

Magna Charta Emblazoned in Gold and Colors: an exact Facsimile of the Original Document (A. D. 1215), preserved in the British Museum, on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons Emblazoned in Gold and Colors. Copied by express permission. Admirably adapted for framing. 5s. London: John Camden Hotten.

British and Foreign State Papers. Volume XXXIV., for the Years 184-46. Compiled by the Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office. 30s. London: J. Ridgway.

The Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century. By Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust. Volume I.—1700 to 1739. II.—1739 to 1759. III.—1760 to 1783. IV.—1784 to 1795. V.—1796 to 1799. London: W. O. Mitchell.

POETRY.

Luckless Love and Savage Walter; or, the Dotard and the Damsel. A Comic Poem. By Doggrel Drystick, Esq. With Notes, numerous and humorous. With a fine Brazen Exterior, emblematical of the 'Brass' exhibited by the Hero within. London: Author.

The Fall of Man or Paradise Lost of Caedmon. Translated in Verse from the Anglo-Saxon; with a New Metrical Arrangement of the Lines of part of the Original Text, and an Introduction on the Versification of Caedmon. By William H. F. Bosanquet, Esq. 8vo. 5s. London: Longman.

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Carstone Rectory. By George Graham. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Tommiebeg Shootings; or, a Moor in Scotland. With large Illustrations by Percival Skelton. 8vo. 5s. London: Routledge.

Erin-Go-Bragh: Stories of Irish Life. By W. H. Maxwell, author of Stories of Waterloo. London: Bentley.

Over the Cliffs. By Mrs. Chanter, author of Ferny Combes. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarks on the Final Causes of the Sexuality of Plants, with particular Reference to Mr. Darwin's Work On the Origin of Species. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., etc.; Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 1s. London: J. H. & Jas. Parker.

The London by Moonlight Mission: being an Account of Midnight Cruises on the Streets of London during the last Thirteen Years. By Lieut. John Blackmore, R. N. With a Brief Memoir of the Author. 8vo. pp. 336. 4s. London: Robson & Avery.

The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters. 1638-88. By James Dodds. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia; being Observations principally on the Animal and Vegetable Productions of New South Wales, New Zealand, and some of the Austral Islands. By George Bennett, M.D., F.L.S., F.Z.S., Member of the Medical Faculty of the University of Sydney, etc. 8vo. With colored lithographs and woodcuts. 21s. London: John Van Voorst.

Odd Men: A Description of many Singular Races of Man, their Habits, Customs, etc. With Illustrations by Zwecker. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 8vo. 5s. London: Routledge.

Ethics; or, Characteristics of Men, Manners, and Books. By Arthur Lloyd Windsor. 12s. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Hints on the Education of Childhood. By the Rev. James Copner, M.A. 1s. 6d. London: Rivingtons.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

Text Book of Church History. By Dr. John Henry Kurtz, Professor of Theology in the University of Dorpat, author of the Bible and Astronomy, etc. 1 vol. To the Reformation. 12mo. pp. 536. $1 50. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Manual of Sacred History: a Guide to the Understanding of the Divine Plan of Salvation according to its Historical Development. By the same. Translated from the sixth German edition, by Charles F. Schaeffer, D.D. Seventh edition. 12mo. pp. [illegible] $1 25. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

HISTORICAL.

The History of Herodotus. A New English Version. Edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most Recent Sources of information; and embodying the Chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson. Volume IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Volume I. of the Literary and Professional Works, being volume XI. of the entire Works of Francis Bacon. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

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Catalogue of the Theatrical and Miscellaneous Library of the late William E. Burton. Also, a small but select collection of Curiosities, Antiquities, Washington and Napoleon's Repeaters, Shakspearian Medals and Relics, Library Furniture, Bookcases, Tables, Antique Side Board, Fire Proof, and some choice Oil Paintings, etc. Which will be sold at Auction by J. Sabin & Co., at their Auction-room, corner of Broadway, Fourth street, and Lafayette Place, New York. On Monday, October 8, 1860, and following days, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. pp. 463.

The National Quarterly Review. Edited by Edward J. Sears, A.B. Volume I. No. 2, September, 1860. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1860.

Primary History of the United States, made easy and interesting for beginners. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M., Principal of the Collegiate School, New York, author of Illustrated School History of the United States, etc., etc. 4to. pp. 192. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Poems of George P. Morris. With a Memoir of the author. 18mo. Blue and gold. pp. 366. New York: C. Scribner. 1860.

The Woman in White. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of The Queen of Hearts, Antonina, The Dead Secret, After Dark, etc., etc. Illustrated by John McLenan. 8vo. pp. 260. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur, A.M., author of A Mission to the Mysore, The Successful Merchant, The Tongue of Fire, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 428. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Life of George Washington. By Edward Everett. 12mo. pp. 348. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

The Wild Sports of India. With Remarks of the Breeding and Rearing of Horses and the formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Forces. 12mo. pp. 282. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for September contains: Italy—Her Friends and Foes; East Lynne, by the author of Ashley—Part the Ninth; Savonarola, by Sir Nathaniel; The Relics of the Island, a Colonial Sketch, by Mrs. Bushby; The Luckless Dog Alive; The Parable of Joatham, by W. Charles Kent; Gilbert's History of Dublin; To Paris and Back in Five Days; The Lake Regions of Eastern Africa; The River Amur; The Island of the Saints, etc., etc.

Fraser's Magazine for September contains: Ida Conway, a Tale, by J. M. C.—Chapters I. and II.; Hymns and Hymn-Tunes for Congregational Worship, by a Manchester Man; A Story of 1848-9, by the author of Mademoiselle Mori; The Proposition, according to Phrenology, Examined, by Alexander Bain; Kingsley's Miscellanies; Gryll Grange, by the author of Headlong Hall—Chapters XXII. to XXVI.; The New Forest; Conversations at Athens on Local Topics; France and Paris Forty, Thirty, and Twenty Years ago, by a Man on the Shady Side of Fifty; Frankfort; Chronicle of Current History.

Macmillan's Magazine for September contains: The Future of Europe Foretold in History, by T. E. Cliffe Leslie; The Life and Poetry of Shelley, by the Editor; The Revolution—A Sequel to The Mystery, by Orwell; Tom Brown at Oxford—Chaps. 26 and 27; Kyloe Jock and the Weird of Wanton Walls, by George Cupples; Prison and [illegible] by Henry Kingsley; [illegible] by John Macdonell; [illegible] by Prof. Pole, F.R.A.S.; The Two Budgets of 1860, by W. A. Porter.

The Cornhill Magazine for September contains: The Four Georges—Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life—with an Illustration—III. George the Third; 'Unto This Last,'—II. The Veins of Wealth; [illegible]

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Gouraud's Library of Romance.—No. 1.

THE SKIPPER'S YARN.

It was gala-day on board the new packet-ship *Seagull*, and the 'blue-jackets' attached to her were put upon their best behavior—for a large party of ladies and gentlemen, the élite of our city, were invited to inspect the magnificent cabins, and partake of a sumptuous déjeuner à la fourchette on board this splendid specimen of naval architecture. Under the supervision of her experienced officers, everything on board this noble vessel was in good condition, and the most critical eye would have failed to detect anything amiss; the masts had their proper rake, the rigging was well set, the yards nicely squared and sheeted home, the stays and running rigging taut—in fact, the ship was all a-taunto. The stars and stripes floated proudly out from the mizzen peak, while from the main-royal mast-head a narrow pennant streamed on the wind, as long as a sea-serpent, and crimson as GOURAUD'S gorgeous *Liquid Vegetable Rouge!* It was a proud day for her commander, Captain Hawser, who 'walked the monarch of her peopled deck,' in all the plenitude of power. Hawser was what is termed 'an old salt,' for he had literally, from his childhood up, 'gone down to the sea in ships;' it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he cherished a deep and abiding affection for his calling; indeed, it is asserted that he loved his ship even better than his wife—but this we hold to be impossible, considering the romantic nature of his wooing, and the way by which he won her. The adage says, 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction,' and this the kind reader will be disposed to admit when we enter upon 'The Skipper's Yarn.'

(*To be Continued.*)

It must be remembered that for shaving (even with hard or salt water), nothing can equal GOURAUD'S delightful *Italian Medicated Soap;* while its power in the removal from the skin of Eruptions, Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Sunburn, Roughness, etc., is very surprising. GOURAUD'S *Poudres Subtiles* will positively extirpate every vestige of superfluous human hair! GOURAUD'S *Hair Dye*, as its name implies, will dye any colored hair, a rich glossy black or brown! GOURAUD'S *Liquid Vegetable Rouge* imparts a delicious, life-like bloom to pale cheeks. GOURAUD'S *Acoustic Drops* will positively afford relief in cases of deafness, where the patient has been hitherto considered incurable!

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL IMPROVED CREAM imparts a delicate whiteness to the skin, neck, hands, and arms, defying detection, and warranted free from mineral substances. Beware of a spurious imitation by the counterfeitor of Burnett's Cocoaine. The Poet must have had such a scurvy fellow in his mind's eye when he wrote—

"Ten thousand souls like his might lie
Wedged in a cambric needle's eye."

The renowned preparations of Dr. Felix Gouraud can be obtained at his old established depot, 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway; HAVES, Brooklyn; BATES, 129 Washington st., Boston; CALLENDER, Philadelphia; and Druggists generally.

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588

At Gimbrede's,—the square paper and square envelope, a decided hit, can be procured only at Gimbrede's. Also, see the fashionable square invitation card and square wedding envelope.

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Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:
[illegible] invaluable. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for picture-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

POPULAR DOGGEREL.

It would be amusing if it were not mournful to consider how mean and wretched is the standard of literary taste prevalent throughout this nation. We have frequently called attention to the fact,—which, for aught we can see, is fixed and absolute,—that the popular element in our literature is inevitably the commonplace. It is not a cheerful reflection, but we are sometimes tempted to think, that, as things go, the possession of any considerable popularity by an author is fair presumptive evidence of his utter want of real merit. However this may be, it is the painful truth that the authors and the books now most popular with the American People, are, with scarcely a single exception, beneath mediocrity in character.

For example: There are three writers, enjoying at the present time an extensive, and, let us hope, an ephemeral reputation in this country, who may properly be selected as representatives of the popular element in our literature. All of them naturally enough, write for the *Ledger*. The first is Mr. Edward Everett—an elegant writer of commonplace sentences. The second is Mr. Sylvanus Cobb—an illiterate writer of commonplace romance. The third is Mr. George P. Morris—a sentimental writer of commonplace verses. These gentlemen are all possessed of moderate abilities and immoderate effrontery, are all respectable and all popular. Their works are generally read and approved, and altogether they seem to have 'fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.'

Of Mr. Everett and Mr. Cobb we have nothing here to say, except that they still disport themselves in the columns of their favorite organ, with what somebody calls perseverance worthy of a better cause. But Mr. Morris,—a complete edition of whose 'Poems' has just been published by Mr. Charles Scribner, of this city,—presents himself as an appropriate subject of general criticism at the present time, and in his poetic capacity claims especial attention.

As now published, the Poems of Mr. Morris occupy a small volume of the denomination known as 'Blue and Gold.' The collection is 'affectionately inscribed' to George Abernethy, ex-Governor of Oregon. An elegant satire on Mr. Morris, entitled 'A Memoir of the Author,' precedes the Poems. It was written sometime ago by Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, a young gentleman who accidentally died one day, but who, in his time, used to woo the tuneful Nine almost as successfully as Mr. Morris himself.

In the course of this satire we are informed that Mr. Morris is a gentleman of good social character and amiable disposition; that he has written more songs than anybody else; that he is a [illegible]

[illegible]

but the reader learns, with a [illegible], that 'Woodman Spare that Tree' received the approval of Mr. [illegible], and was once actually recited by that illustrious gentleman in the British House of Commons. 'What poet,' says the gentle biographer, 'could desire a more gratifying compliment?'

But the gushing and liberal youth does not stop here. Much more, it seems, is due to the 'potens magister affectuum.' "If at this moment," says Mr. Wallace, "the literary genius of America, renewed in youth, and quivering like the eagle's wings with excess of vigor, seems about to make a new flight, from a higher vantage-ground, into loftier depths of airy distance, the capacity to take that flight must, to a great degree, be ascribed to those two persons (Mr. Dennie and Mr. Morris) without whose services the brighter era which appears now to be dawning, might yet be distant and doubtful."

Is 'the quivering literary genius of America' aware of its benefactors? We hope so. But this is a world in which flowers are far too often 'born to blush unseen.' Arise, therefore, friend of Morris and mankind, arise and shine!

In other portions of his Memoir, Mr. Wallace grows yet more eloquent, and gleams with a radiance yet more portentous. No force of eulogy, no extravagance of language, is wanting to his estimate of Mr. Morris. So fulsome indeed is his adulation, so manifestly absurd his idea of that gentleman's greatness, that at last we are almost obliged to suspect him of intending a solemn satire. What, for example, shall be thought either of the intelligence or the sincerity of a critic who gravely perpetrates such nonsense as this:

"The 'Miniature' possesses the captivating elegance of Voiture. 'Where Hudson's Wave' is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master. . . . That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and the wanderer, can beat in unison with the gentlest truth of deep devotion, is shown in 'When other Friends are round Thee.' 'I love the Night' has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models. Were we to meet the lines 'O think of me!' in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's—so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity—which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses. 'The Star of Love' might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the Trouveurs. 'The Seasons of Love' is a charming effusion of gay, yet thoughtful sentiment. The song, 'I never have been false to thee,' is, of itself, sufficient to establish General Morris's fame as a great poet—as a potens magister affectuum—and as a literary creator of a high order. . . . We had almost forgotten, what the world will never forget, the matchless softness and transparent delicacy of 'Near the Lake.' . . . Such are some of the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of the Laureate of America."

Turning from such statements as these to the poems themselves, the reader will not be much surprised to find that they do not in any respect justify the praise that is lavished upon them. He will observe, for example, that 'Where Hudson's Wave,' so far from being 'a glorious burst of poetry,' is merely a sentimental song about a young woman named Ida, a nymph of mountain birth, who wanders about Cronest, and to whom Mr. Morris desires to be transported on 'a falcon's wing;' that 'Woodman Spare that Tree' is a weak song, not even possessing the superficial merit of felicitous construction; that 'Near the Lake' is an artificial and spiritless dirge, such as young poets especially delight to produce in memory of dead maidens; that 'My Mother's Bible' is a very awkward expression of a very sweet and commendable feeling; that 'When Other Friends'—like most of Mr. Morris's Love-songs—has no distinctive character either of sentiment or style; and, in short, that Mr. Morris's Poems are never otherwise than essentially commonplace in all respects.

The poem which, according to Mr. Wallace, entitles Mr. Morris to be considered 'a great poet—a potens magister affectuum,' [illegible]

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I never have been false to thee!—
The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill:
Thou'st proved as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!—
Love's not a flower at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense filled the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

But if that poem dignifies Mr. Morris as 'a potens magister affectuum,' to what attitude of sublimity is he exalted by the following effort of tenderness:

THE DAY IS NOW DAWNING.

WILLIAM.
The day is now dawning, love,
Fled is the night—
I go like the morning, love,
Cheerful and bright.
Then adieu, dearest Ellen:
When evening is near,
I'll visit thy dwelling,
For true love is here.

ELLEN.
O, come where the fountain, love,
Tranquilly flows;
Beneath the green mountain, love,
Seek for repose;
There the days of our childhood,
In love's golden beam,
'Mong the bluebells and wildwood,
Passed on like a dream.

WILLIAM.
O, linger awhile, love!

ELLEN.
I must away.

WILLIAM.
O, grant me thy smile, love,
'Tis Hope's cheering ray—
With evening expect me.

ELLEN.
To the moment be true,
And may angels protect thee—

BOTH.
Sweet Ellen, adieu!
Dear William, adieu!

We have no desire to excite too highly the sensibilities of our readers, but the following is ''fore heaven a better song than t'other,' and we cannot refrain from quoting it:

MARGARETTA.

When I was in my teens,
I loved dear Margaretta:
I know not what it means,
I cannot now forget her!
That vision of the past
My head is ever crazing;
Yet, when I saw her last,
I could not speak for gazing!
O, lingering bud of May!
Dear as when first I met her;
Worn in my heart alway,
Life-cherished Margaretta!

We parted near the stile,
As morn was faintly breaking:
For many a weary mile
O how my heart was aching!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That I cannot forget her!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That struggles to forget her!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Were mine the world's [illegible],
To me 'twere [illegible]
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
[illegible]
[illegible] her
My [illegible] lad!
And this is Margaretta!

These specimens of popular doggerel may suffice. They illustrate sufficiently well the character of Mr. Morris' poetry, and they suggest the explanation of its popularity. Its only virtue is in dealing simply with simple emotions. It has no great qualities, nothing that indicates a great poetic nature, nothing that even lifts it above the stagnant level of mediocrity. It may be best described perhaps, as a trickling stream of weak sentiment, that babbles continually of human love. To this captivating topic it allows 'neither slumber nor sleep.' It considers love in youth, love in manhood, and love in age; the love of the male and the love of the female; the love of country and the love of home; the love of the present, the absent, and the dead; the love of nature, of cold water, of the flag of our Union, and of the father of his country; the love of women who desert and of women who are deserted; the love of day and the love of night; the love of a variety of ladies in different circumstances and states of mind; and occasionally also the love of God. 'Within my bosom there's a gush,' says Mr. Morris,—and we are inclined to think, after a careful perusal of his volume, that such is the painful truth.

CELESTIAL THINGS.

In reading the sectarian papers among our exchanges, we have frequent occasion to wonder how it arises that so many of the professed servants of the religious interest are illiterate, vulgar, and stupid people. The phenomenon is not, perhaps, entirely inexplicable; but whatever may be its cause, the palpable and mortifying fact is that, taken as a whole, the Religious Press of this country is entirely wanting not simply in literary excellence, but in any decent literary character. The statement is disparaging; but it cannot seem unjust to any person familiar with the sectarian papers. So gross, indeed, are the defects of these papers,—so great their ignorance, imbecility, effeminacy, illiberality, and bad-taste,—that at last most of them have become not only worthless, but absolutely contemptible, to all intelligent people.

We state this merely as a significant fact. To us it has no special importance, because we are not particularly interested in the subject. But we do think it in a certain sense unfortunate, not to say disgraceful, that the Religious Interest should have no worthy representative in the Press of this nation.

There are many reasons why this state of things should be regretted—not the least trivial of which, perhaps, is that such religious papers as we have, afford to the profane mind opportunities of amusement so singular and so abundant.

A good representative of a certain class of pious publications has recently attracted our attention. It is called the *Gospel Visitor*. It is printed and published monthly, by an Association, in Columbiana, Columbiana county, Ohio. Its editors rejoice in the mellifluous appellations of Henry Kurtz and James Quinter.

The *Gospel Visitor* for September is peculiarly rich in entertaining specimens of pious enthusiasm. Its first twelve pages are occupied by a luminous and eloquent 'Review of an Article upon Feet Washing;' from which we learn, first, that the *Religious Herald* has declared against 'Feet Washing;' next, that 'the opponents of the ordinance are triumphing over it very much;' and lastly, that the *Gospel Visitor* is prepared to justify the practice of 'Feet Washing' against all argument and opposition whatsoever.

This justification is then undertaken in one of those fervent arguments possible only to celestial minds, and extremely amusing to minds terrestrial. The main [illegible] of Feet Washing [illegible] opinion of the *Religious Herald* that the principle purpose of washing the feet is to make them clean. It is the opinion of the *Gospel Visitor* that the principle purpose of washing the feet is to benefit the soul.

To illustrate the spirit and style of this argument, we respectfully cite the following passages. The first is from the *Religious Herald:*

"It was necessary to wash feet frequently in Palestine. They wore a kind of shoes called sandals, which were merely strapped on their feet, leaving them very much exposed to the contraction of defilement. Of course the Saviour intended this custom to be observed for necessary purposes. He evidently refers to this in his address to Peter, who at first objected to having his feet washed by his Master. Christ said to him, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Peter answered, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.' Christ responded, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.' It is supposed by some that they had gone to a pool and washed themselves all over, and in returning, they got their feet defiled, and now the Saviour just before supper, performs this necessary act of kindness."

To this the *Gospel Visitor* thus responds:

"It was," says friend M. B., "necessary to wash feet frequently in Palestine. . . . Of course the Saviour intended this custom to be observed for necessary purposes." It certainly was for a 'necessary purpose.' And what was that 'necessary purpose'? Friend M. B. would probably say it was merely to make the feet clean. But we shall let the Saviour explain the purpose: 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' Here is the purpose for which feet-washing was instituted, plainly set before us. It was to promote our happiness, according to the explanation of Christ.

But the theologian of the *Religious Herald* is irrepressible, and perseveres to the bitter end:

"The last argument I shall offer," he says, "and that on which I rely more than any other, is based upon the apostolic allusion to this custom. Paul plainly and unmistakably sets it down as a good work. He informs Timothy that a widow should not be taken into the account unless well reported of for good works, enumerated as follows: 'If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work. . . .' If a friend is sick, and cannot wash his own feet, if they need it, it is a good work to wash them for him; but if he can wash them, it is no kindness to wash them for him. Taking this view of the subject, feet-washing, as an ordinance among us, would be one of the greatest absurdities: for it is well known that all persons coming to church to have their feet washed, would give them such a scrubbing before leaving home, as to supersede the necessity of exposing their naked feet in church."

Not less spirited is the *Gospel Visitor:*

"If a friend is sick," says friend M. B., "and cannot wash his own feet, if they need it, it is a good work to wash them for him; but if he can wash them, it is no kindness to wash them for him." He seems to entertain the idea, that a good work consists in relieving the body of pain, or in administering bodily comfort. This idea is disproved by the fact that the woman who annointed the head of the Saviour, performed a 'good work' upon him.

We cannot pursue the discussion further. But we heartily concur with the *Gospel Visitor* in recommending the practice of 'Feet Washing' to all pious persons.

"We submit the matter to the reader with the hope that he will examine it seriously and candidly, and with the prayer that he may be led to the discovery of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Other portions of the Magazine are equally exhilarating. 'Kindness,' says one writer, 'will bring us more happiness in this world, than all the haughtiness and asperity we can possibly assume.' 'A little rod,' says another, 'is often very effective. As a sign of authority it is impressive; and if pain must be inflicted, it is less severe than the heavier blow of the hand.' And then he hazards the profound observation that 'Depriving children of food is generally injurious.' We should think so.

"There are few Christians," remarks a third, "who have not some trials; but some appear to have many more than others. And a general inheritance of tribulation seems to be the portion of Christ's followers."

Probably. And not the least of that 'inheritance of tribulation' must be the *Gospel Visitor*,—et id genus omne. But, as an [illegible] subsequently suggests:

"We can hope to traverse a rugged way, if it terminates in a better country, or if it conducts us to a well [illegible]."

The last [illegible] of [illegible] literature for which we have here an appetite, is one of those lugubrious effusions, described as 'Lines,' that can only be achieved by tuneful and pious females. With these we rest from the contemplation of Celestial Things:

"The following lines are among the Poetic Selections of Rachel, late consort of Eld. Philip Boyle, of New Windsor, Md.:

O LAND OF REST.

O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When shall I gain thy shore?
When shall I land my weary soul
Where I shall sigh no more?
When will my toils and conflicts end,
My cares and labors cease?
When shall I reach thy blissful realm,
Where all is joy and peace?

O land of rest, I long to dwell
Upon thy peaceful shore;
Where the chill blasts and storms of time
Might never reach me more.
My friends are there; and dearest friends
In thee securely rest:
O happy land! I pant to be
In thee forever blest.

O land of rest, the thoughts of thee
My fainting spirits cheer;
And soothe the sorrows of my heart,
For now I feel thee near.
Yes, soon life's toilsome voyage shall close,
And I, no longer driven
By adverse winds on time's rough-sea,
Shall calmly rest in heaven.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

LOST GERTRUDE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Gertrude is dead and sleeps in her grave;
Wearily, wearily falls the rain?
From sorrow and sin there is none to save;
And my heart is lonely and full of pain.

Gertrude is dead, and I am alone;
Drearily, drearily sobs the wind,
Making a feeble and desolate moan,
Like a sightless lover, his love to find.

Gertrude is dead, and her lips are cold;
Wearily, wearily circles the leaf;
A nest for the worms is her hair's pale gold;
And my own grows thinner each hour with grief.

Gertrude is dead, so true and so tried;
Duskily, duskily gathers the night;
What if we sinned?—we had nothing beside
Our love young and strong and our hope so slight.

Gertrude is dead—friends wept and condoled;
Bitterly, bitterly fall my tears;
They spoke of the angels with harps of gold—
They knew not what shortened her tender years.

Gertrude is dead—she saw but our shame;
Womanly, womanly, kind and true.
She was poor, like myself, with friends and a name;
I would, when she died, that I had died too.

Gertrude is dead—the owl is awake,
Angrily, angrily hoots he aloud;
Her urn is full, and the yew's limbs shake
With the big, cold drops from the sorrowing cloud.

Gertrude is dead. I mixed the cup;
Nervously, nervously shook my hand;
With a trembling sigh, she lifted it up
And drank it off to the dregs where I stand.

Gertrude is dead. I sat by her side;
Heavily, heavily drew she breath:
Six moons have pass'd since she languished and died,
Yet I seem in the very presence of Death.

Gertrude is dead—what ghost then laughed?
Gloomily, gloomily lowers the sky:
The half was for me of that poisonous draught,
As she knew by my look, and drank it dry!

Gertrude is dead—the sleek priest prayed
Whiningly, whiningly over my love;
On the terrible judgment-day, he said,
We would meet in the realms of light above.

Gertrude is there, if I'm turned away—
Wearily, wearily pass the days—
I will beg of the warder, old and gray,
To list for one note of her harp as she plays.

[From Punch, Sept. 1.]

MR. SPURGEON'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

My dear friends and hearers, who, constant appearers
In this Tabernacle, are purposed, I trust,
Me long to sit under, whenever I thunder,
Who to build up these walls have come down with the dust,
To edification my peregrination
Would tend, if related, you seem to suppose,
I omitted to book it, as easy I took it,
But some few rough sketches to give you—here goes!

For Antwerp from London, in health somewhat undone,
I started, attended by many a friend,
I say that I started, but we were soon parted,
Because my companions left me at Gravesend.
Of blessings a cargo—thereon no embargo—
Did freight the steam-packet that bore us away;
An Essex man Captain, rich anecdote apt in,
We kept telling tales to each other all day.

At Antwerp we landed, and when we commanded
A view of the noble Cathedral, behold,
Out came a procession—perhaps from confession—
Of peasants and priest holding candles—large mould.
The consumption of tallow intended to hallow
The festive occasion was truly immense;
Some lamps, too, were bearing; the sun meanwhile flaring,
But when folks burn daylight their darkness is dense.

Now Antwerp's a city which we can but pity,
Though some for its wondrous religion extol,
Full of carved Virgin Maries; and each of them varies
From a Queen on her throne to a little black doll.
In each street and alley presides this Aunt Sally
Over shops; and a tar of the true British type
Declared, honest Jack, he had purchased his 'backy
At a shop where the Virgin sat smoking her pipe!

Our vessel exported a gang, ill-assorted,
Of Irish to serve in the Papal brigade,
And thanks to their owner, and skipper, I tender,
For such a lot out of the country conveyed.
Their luggage was lighter than o'er loaded fighter,
They had one pocket-handkerchief—there the list stops—
The Captain well prized them—thus characterized them—
He said 'they were not fit to cut up for mops.'

Such tatterdemalions to thrash the Italians,
O, doesn't the Pontiff just wish he may get?
His guards to be guarded will have, or discarded;
I never beheld such a beautiful set.
May Ireland's brave nation soon find occupation
More noble than propping a rotten old throne,
Which cannot but crumble; I pray it may tumble,
And brave Garibaldi o'erthrow the 'Pope's Own.'

Some things I can't mention repelled my attention,
Exposed in that Catholic Antwerp for sale;
But I found a strong feeling all Belgium revealing
'Gainst Louis Napoleon; a symptom I hail.
Our ties are more German: I heard a good sermon
At Brussels, although it was preached by a priest.
Men smoking, toil-shirking, I saw women working;
If their husbands they whacked, they'd have my leave at least.

Cologne, so high is it, I'll never revisit;
Such smells insupportable poison the air.
Than the eye more the nose is affected, with roses
By no means, but quite with another thing there.
Each yard still exceeding the last in vile smelling,
As onward I travelled—I don't know of what—
I had no [illegible] severely I felt it,
I cannot say whether 'twas Pop'ry or not.

At [illegible], I witnessed the gaming
At Baden: [illegible] more terrible sight.
At rouge-et-noir playing, [illegible] slaying,
Why [illegible] all night!
O! none of you gamble, for [illegible],
You [illegible] if you've [illegible]
For in that case Old Harry the winnings will carry
Away with the winner, as sure as a gun.

Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I have read so much, and heard so much, General, at one time and another, about Barnum's Museum, and have been told so often that it was a good place for families,—a good moral place, I mean, where a blush is never brought to the cheek of virtue, etc.,—that I thought, the other day, I would take a shy at it, if only to be able to say, as the fellow said of the Pyramids, that I had been there.

Moreover, I wanted to see an assemblage of the 'Virtue' of the city, and to ascertain whether the entertainment furnished it at the Museum was equal to that furnished it by—well, by the *World*, for example.

Accordingly, I went.

And I desire to say, at the start, that I had the honor of witnessing the most remarkable specimens of Virtue which I have ever beheld—this side of Paris.

Virtue regardless of age, sex, color, size, quantity, or quality.

Virtue dressed up in its Broadway best, and out on parade and business.

Virtue, in a word, such as, at the call of Barnum, would naturally come together and spread itself.

I had no idea, before, that there was so much Virtue of that kind in the city, and could not help wondering whether, in violation of all the laws of political economy, the supply didn't, on the whole, exceed the demand.

But the chief feeling I had, all the while, was one of admiration for Mr. Barnum, that he had exhibited so much discrimination in getting up a show which the Virtue in his congregation would take such intense delight in.

I refer particularly to the show in the Lecture Room—Lecture Room, General, being, as you may have heard, the ingenious and moral word adopted by Barnum in the place of Theatre, which is a profane word, and one which his virtuous patrons might not approve.

The performance chosen for the day—or perhaps for the season—was an original and highly-colored farce, entitled 'Joseph and His Brethren,' based, as I learn from private sources (though I never should have suspected it), on the simple and touching story in the Old Testament.

The Virtue present was delighted with it, though possibly the story of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife would have afforded equal gratification, besides being a shade more opportune.

Mr. Barnum's object in bringing out the piece, instead of being a vulgar pecuniary one—like that of Laura Keene, for example, with her 'Monkey Boy'—is nothing more nor less, as he himself assured us, than to restore the drama to its original mission of interpreting and inculcating Scripture-truth!

Nothing short of this, it appears, will satisfy his virtuous clients.

Let him bring out a common every-day play, with no high moral or religious purpose in it, and all Crosberry street would rebel.

Besides, in that case, he could hardly get his advertisements inserted in the *World*, which would, of course, put an end to the whole concern.

I had some idea, General, of giving you a synopsis of Barnum's version of Joseph; but I am afraid you might think it a travesty. The fact is, you are too fastidious. You would probably object to the piece itself. Your Virtue is of so different a standard from that of the Museum—and that of Barnum—that it is doubtful if you would consent to listen to the piece for ten minutes.

Truth to say, I was not much disposed to myself.

I prefer a profaner kind of play, and a profaner kind of people.

The Virtue present—on the stage and off—oppressed me.

Barnum himself, in solemn black, reading a discourse from the sacred desk placed on the stage for the occasion, did not reconcile me to it.

But I felt it my duty to set a pious example, and so I remained to the end, when I came off so deeply impressed with the peculiar morality of the place, and so delighted to think that there was one dramatic temple in the city frequented only by Virtue, and where one could so safely send his wife and daughters unprotected, that I resolved to apply to the Sunday Committee, at once, and see if something couldn't be done towards having the Museum open to the public on the Lord's Day—and closed every other.

On leaving the Lecture-Room I took a stroll over the premises generally, and was not surprised to find that the fragrant atmosphere of the place and everything in it—from the United Happy Family (all the members of which were in a row with each other) down to the Albino Children (who bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Greeley) were quite as well adapted to convey a good moral lesson as either Joseph and his Brethren or Mr. Barnum himself.

Now after all this, General, if you wish to go to the Museum, and enjoy the double advantage of seeing the Virtue of the city and improving your morals, you have my free and full consent to do so.

And if—as may after all be the case—you take a fancy to Joseph and his Brethren, I shall not be surprised, in a month's time, to see streams of people going down Broadway and the Bowery every afternoon, bible and prayer-book in hand, to pay their devotions at the House of—Barnum.

But for myself, I beg to be excused.

If I want to see theatricals of a religious nature, I will go to Beecher's instead of Barnum's and get the genuine article.

But I *don't* want to see anything of the kind.

I think the Pulpit and the Stage are two distinct institutions, and that the Barnums, and Beechers, and Spurgeons, and Cummingses, etc., who seek to confound them, do violence to both.

A preacher never makes a good actor, and an actor never makes a good preacher.

I know, General, that you like to have a good bit of moral sentiment jerked at you from the stage now and then, and also that you like occasionally to have a bit of theatrical business done for you in the pulpit.

And there are preachers and playwrights enough about (such as they are) who are only too willing to gratify you.

In fact, if you pay for it, General, you can have whatever you want, either from the pulpit or the stage; for in these new times everything resolves itself, in the last analysis (if you know what that means), into a simple matter of dollars and cents.

In a word, you pays your money and you has your choice.

And my choice, General, is still for fun from the stage, and religion from the pulpit, with a mixture of the two from neither, even when composed by a Beecher or a Barnum, a Spurgeon or a Kimball, and done as cleverly as a brandy-punch at Delmonico's, or a cocktail at Crook & Duff's.

[N. B.—Neither Beecher, Barnum, Spurgeon, Kimball, Delmonico, Crook, nor Duff, pay me a red for this puff.]

'In this connection,' as Mr. Everett would say, allow me, General, to recommend to you my very diligent, but I am afraid not over-devout friend, Miss Laura Keene, who, whatever else she may have done in the theatrical way, has never yet done the Tartuffe, nor, so far as I am aware, done any sniffling whatever, on the stage or off, or made the least attempt, at any time, to play off upon you that cheap commonplace morality which, of late, not only in her profession, but, unhappily (witness the *World*, the *Ledger*, etc.), in mine, has come to be such an intolerable nuisance.

I mention this fact, just now, not only because it seemed to come up in regular order, but because I notice that some of the papers are disposed to criticise Miss Keene's opening-piece, this season (The Monkey Boy), on the ground of its immorality.

Now I am free to say that I don't like the piece as a whole, either in the French original or in M. de Walden's clever adaptation; for I see nothing in the plot or in the leading incidents—in a word, nothing in the motive nor the action of the piece—of any particular human interest; and, other things being equal (if they ever are) I prefer plays which are founded on incidents which might, could, would, or should have taken place, somewhere or other,—even were it in the other world—in actual life.

But, still, I do like the piece on this one account, that there is no bogus morality about it, no bogus religion, and very little bogus sentiment.

There is some bogus playing, however, and notably in Mr. Johnson's representation of a cockney, and Mr. Daly's representation of an artist, than which nothing could be more unreal.

Then again the piece is horribly over-acted.

Couldock, who, in the main, was so good—so powerful, even—in Abel Murcot, is so strained, so spasmodic, so utterly unnatural in the part of the convict Rénaud (I assume, General, that you have seen The Monkey Boy), that it is a positive relief to the audience when he leaves the stage.

The struggle between Rénaud and Lucien the artist (Johnson), in which the former is supposed to be killed (though M. de Walden, more humane than the original author, kindly restores him to life), is about as bad a piece of acting as I ever saw.

Moreover, the whole situation is bad; for if there is one man in the world who would be more unlikely than another to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of an escaped convict, and, especially, to deliver him up to the police, that man is a French artist, who invariably hates the police as he does the devil, and never bothers his head for a moment about the execution, or non-execution of the law.

This, however, is only one incongruity among a dozen others which belong to the original play. But despite these incongruities, and despite the bad acting of Johnson, and Daly, and Burnet (who does an uncommon villain of the piece in an uncommonly villanous style), and Leeson (who is far too clever a man to act so much like a mountebank in a part that simply requires a certain amount of active good-humor)—despite these things, the Monkey-Boy goes off very well, and has thus far delighted four or five full houses, and sent home, nightly, a large quantity of Penobscot, Winnepisiogee, Tuckernuck, Boston, Wesobulga, and Peoria generally, in a delighted state of mind.

It should be added, however, that the scenery of the piece is all extremely fine, the final bit being a perfect chef d'œuvre of aquatic effect; that throughout the five acts everybody is 'up and doing' (Longfellow), so that the Subscriber was actually deprived of his usual half-scenes-over drowse, and was positively lured into staying to 'the bitter end,' though he sate right alongside of the raving and irrepressible drummer, who was more and more obstreperous every time he emerged from the 'black hole' under the stage, which must be about as gloomy a place, by the way, as could be invented even in Calcutta; that Miss Keene's impersonation of the poor Monkey Boy was done in that quiet, yet careful and finished style, which marks most of her performances; that Mr. Levick, in the first scene of the play, gives great life and effect to an ordinary convivial scene, in which, by the way, a capital song by Mr. Shanley is introduced; that Miss Polly Marshall plays a characteristic part with her usual don't-you-wish-you-could-do-it-too aplomb; that Mrs. Allen impersonates a simple-minded and rather over-ingenuous young woman, with remarkable truthfulness; and that when nothing else is going on, Mrs. Lotty Hough goes laughing about the stage generally, and keeps everybody but Daly and Johnson in perfect good-humor.

And here endeth all I have to say of the Monkey Boy, which strikes me as having just about enough life in it to knock it into the middle of week-after-next, when Mr. De Walden will be ready with something else (pray Heaven it be nothing French!), and then—and then—look out for that 'cursed ninth-of-a-dramatist,' Tom Taylor, who is said to have something on the stocks for L. K., which will eclipse even 'Our American Cousin.'

And now, O General, I regret never so much not to have left myself with the time or the space to speak to you with that 'fullness of heart' which the occasion demands of the opening-night at Wallack's.

It was really quite a brilliant occasion. The charming boudoir of a house—no, not boudoir, for no grumbling is done there, but the—well, to use Laura Matilda's expression, 'the perfect duck of a house' was just full enough not to be uncomfortable, and everybody in it—on the stage and off—was in the best possible spirits.

The play—'The Royalist, or Forty Years Ago' (adapted from the French of Scribe)—was thoroughly well mounted, and, as is the rule at Wallack's, thoroughly well-played.

For a synopsis of it, see the daily papers.

The chief honors of the occasion were carried off by Mr. Walcott and Miss Gannon,—the former out-doing himself, and quite undoing Blake, who was chiefly remarkable for his toilet, which must have exacted the jealousy even of Mrs. Hoey, who was herself so brilliantly got up that one could hardly venture to look at her except through smoked glass.

The Royalist will be sure to have a long run.

After which profound observation, allow me, General, to dismiss the remaining topics of the week by reminding you that Barney Williams and Lady are still at the Winter Garden, where they will be happy to see all persons of Irish and multitudinous proclivities; that after a brilliantly successful time of it the Hanlons and the rest of Nixon's great troupe—acrobatic, equestrian, etc.—are about starting on a tour through Peoria (commencing with Boston and 'sloping slowly to the West' and South); and, finally,—a word I never took more pleasure in writing than at this moment,—that on Monday evening next, at 8 P. M., you are summoned, in the name of all the gods, to be at Niblo's, to receive, with all the honors, the great American Tragedian, EDWIN FORREST, who will make his début in the part of Hamlet, and take the whole town by storm, always excepting, General,

Your Disobedient and Unimpressible Friend,

Quelqu'un.

[From the London Saturday Review, Sept. 1.]

DR. CUMMING ABROAD.

The alliance between the stage and the pulpit is becoming more cordial and more fully developed. The famous Miracle-Play of the Passion, which is exhibited only once in ten years by the peasants in the Tyrol, was represented a few weeks ago, and Dr. Cumming is just now starring at Paris. Very likely the Scotch preacher will be sorely scandalised at the strange religious theatricals of the poor peasants in the Tyrol, and more scandalized at our venturing to class his own stage performance at the Oratoire with those at Oberammergau; and we shall perhaps shock him more seriously, when we avow that, on the whole, we have more sympathy with the rude, simple religion of the Tyrol, than with the more educated and refined religionism of the English residents at Paris, who go to Dr. Cumming's sermon as they would to a farce at the Varieties. Of course it is a strange thing that in any corner of Europe a mediæval mystery still survives—one of those old mysteries which are made familiar to us in Longfellow's Golden Legend:

> In the after part of the day
> Will be represented another play,
> Of the Passion of our blessed Lord,
> Beginning directly after Nones.
>
> As written in the old record
> Of the Protevangelion,
> So that he who reads may run.

It seems incredible that, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, Annas and Caiaphas, and Herod, and our Lord himself, should be represented in dramatic action, accompanied with a chorus which, with its scenery and stage in the open air, and its recitative, takes us back to the age of Thespis. But with all this we can sympathise on archæological and æsthetic grounds; while we can understand that, though wholly unsuitable to our modes of thought and habits and associations, our education and religious tastes, this sort of thing may not be, or at any rate need not be, all evil—or indeed evil at all—to a rough and isolated people, who in all the relations of life are at least four centuries behind ourselves. But we can make no such allowance for Dr. Cumming. With him and his audience, the theatrical element, not pure and simple, but impure, and with all its mixed and debasing influences, is alone at work. He only goes to Paris as an actor when the London season is over, and he acts his principal character, that is, preaches his crack sermon, or performs and rehearses his pet subject—a subject which is sure to attract—on the very same principle and with the very same object that a metropolitan actor in the provinces would advertise his appearance in his favorite parts.

We have long observed and commented upon this mutual action of the stage and pulpit on each other. The alliance was ostentatiously and finally declared when the suburban theatres were opened for preaching. In some form or other, the human mind requires theatrical entertainments; and as the theatre originated in religion, though it happened to be the religion of Bacchus, so it seems to be daily more and more recurring to the objects and necessities of its origin. Last week we gave a view of a distinguished religious actor in a monopolylogue and domestic performance—'Spurgeon at Home.' This week we may contemplate a pendent to that picture, a companion cabinet-piece—'Dr. Cumming Abroad,' abroad in more senses of the word than one. Dr. Cumming we have taken the liberty of calling an actor, and as a mere piece of acting we have said that his appearance at the Oratoire is more scandalous to Christian feeling than the Miracle-Play in the Tyrol, with all its external and surface profanity. Dr. Cumming knows better—the Tyrolese peasants do not. The Passion-play is their religion—Dr. Cumming must know that there is no religion in his theatricals. What business has he in Paris at all, that is, with his professions, and sermons, and descriptions of duty printed and published, staring us and him in the face? He says in one of his works—and a religious teacher could not say less—that 'to have added one stone or rafter to a ragged school,' and 'to have fed one hungry orphan,' is more than to have written Shakspeare's plays. Holding these views, and telling us in lofty language that city missions, and ragged schools, and works of charity are the whole and sole duty of man, what business, we say, had Dr. Cumming in Paris?

He wanted rest, we shall be told, from the labors of Crown-court, and from the severe duty of preaching to Lord Palmerston, which, from sundry paragraphs that look very much as if they were communicated by the eloquent Scotch divine himself, is, we find, among his pastoral labors. Yes; but is rest to be had in Paris? Does it refresh the jaded spirits and brace the relaxed nerves, to spout sermons to 'fashionable' and crowded congregations, 'the fair sex greatly predominating,' in that stuffiest of conventicles, the Oratoire at Paris? A walk on his native heather, and a stroll even in a shooting-jacket, we could understand; but for Dr. Cumming to go to Paris, and to preach sermons by way of medicine, mental or corporeal, we cannot understand. Mr. Spurgeon, to do him justice, was ten times more honest. He did not do the religious when he went out for a holiday. He seems to have preached one sermon, and he candidly owned that it was rather a bore. He went out for a holiday, and he got all the fun he could out of his Continental trip, and retails his fun in a jocose and jolly way. Dr. Cumming takes his holiday just as Mr. Sims Reeves does, and makes a matter of business of it. He takes the shop with him. He arranges a religious circuit, like Batty's circus. He enters Paris with a preaching programme, and placards himself for the Oratoire, on a certain Sunday, at a certain hour; and the piece and places are arranged and engaged accordingly. This we venture to stigmatize as the histrionics of religion. Parliament men go down into the provinces, not to look after their counties and their local duties, as Queen's speeches prettily assume to be the case, but to keep up a party interest. Dr. Cumming goes to Paris, not to recruit himself, but to show off on a new stage.

This we say, considering the manner of his performance. The matter of exhibition even more fully stamps his visit as a theatrical speculation—a matter of stage business. He preached a sermon on Sunday last 'on Prophecy as applicable to the destiny of Great Britain.' Now, we will take the liberty of saying that lectures on prophecy, generally speaking, are a very dramatic form of religion. What Dr. Cumming preached on Sunday was, of course only a chapter, or several bits of several chapters, of his 'Great Tribulation.' The subject is a popular, but by no means a practical one. It is a popular one, for we have before us two books, 'The Great Events coming upon the Earth,' by an American preacher, Mr. Lebagh; and Mr. Ogilvy's 'Day of the Lord;' both of which read very much like echoes of Dr. Cumming. Fanatical sermons and preachers always accompany stirring political events. Undoubtedly we are living in days which will be historical epochs, and it is natural that religious men should trace in the events of the day His influence by whom kings reign. If this were all that Dr. Cumming and the school of the prophets have to say—which school is just as different a thing from the prophetical school of preachers as Dr. Cumming is from the prophet Samuel—far be it from us to hint anything in disparagement of what ought always to be present to a religious mind. But Dr. Cumming improves the occasion much as Solomon Eagles improved the plague: the only difference being, that Solomon was certainly in earnest, and was probably insane. Dr. Cumming is not insane; and for the rest, we can only say, that if we were perfectly convinced that the world would come to an end in 1867, we should hardly go to Paris and fire off a flash sermon to a fashionable congregation on the subject. But the subject is popular—political excitement always stirs up religious fanaticism. Revivals, and Flagellants, and Camisards are never heard of in the great lulls of European political life; but since 1848, when the great deep was broken up, the preachers on unfulfilled prophecy have had historical events to piece into their systems.

We shall not follow Dr. Cumming into the details of his last Sunday's sermon; still less shall we make him responsible for the details of it as reported in the *Daily News* of August 28. No doubt that report is not perfectly accurate; and the French correspondent has probably made some confusion between Ezekiel and Isaiah. But there is certainly nothing in the report which, substantially, Dr. Cumming did not say. What we wish to notice is not the detail of his sermon, but the fact that his selecting this subject was a bit of stage business. He began by offering his corrections and criticisms of the English Bible. It looks learned to criticise and correct the authorized version; and Dr. Cumming may be a fine Hebrew scholar. That he knows less Latin than Shakespeare we have before proved by adducing his famous quotation of

> Rem recte si possis. Si non rem
> Quomodo rem. *Great Tribulation*, p. 130

But still, he may—though we doubt it—know more Hebrew than King James's divines; and at any rate a little Hebrew may go a long way in Paris. Dr. Cumming may be quite right in saying "that when Ezekiel [Isaiah] is made to denounce calamity by the use of the word 'Woe,' he in reality meant 'Ho!' a rallying cry; and that 'ships made of bulrushes,' mean 'steam-vessels' "—the text, we suppose, being 'Woe to the land shadowing with wings that is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes.' We say that Dr. Cumming's interpretation may be right; indeed, we see some reason for the connection or confusion of 'Woe' and 'Ho,' as when we say 'Wo-ho' to a horse. This is a point which we shall not argue with Dr. Cumming. Neither shall we dispute that Tarshish means England, or that 'seven' means '360 by 7,' because we know that in this particular literature the poor numeral 7 means every conceivable combination of numerals, as well as several abstract qualities, all the virtues or all the vices, the host of heaven, the *Times* newspaper, or Garibaldi, or anything else in heaven, or earth, or underneath the earth. And we are ready to concede 'that one of the prophet's lions'—'Sheba and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof' (Ezek. xxxviii. 8)—'means the British lion on the Queen's coat of arms,' because we once met with an interpretation which proved that the description of Leviathan in the Book of Job was intended for an account of the *Great Eastern* steamship.

These are points we shall not controvert, nor shall we discuss Dr. Cumming's view, that the end of the world will be in 1867, and that the Jews will be restored to the Holy Land, partly because there is nothing new in all this, and partly because some of it is too transcendently ridiculous to argue about. But what we say is this. Dr. Cumming fires off this sermon at Paris, and preaches on these subjects, not because they tend to make men better, and force his hearers to look into their hearts, but because they give him an opportunity to talk gabble about the events of the day—the income-tax, the state of Naples, the Emperor Napoleon, Rothschild's house, and Lord Shaftesbury. He does all this because to talk about the last day gives him a chance (see 'Great Tribulation,' only we trust nobody will see it) of taking the place of the Great Judge, and summoning by name Adam and Eve, and nearly every one of their descendants, down to those who fell at Sebastopol and Delhi, in sentences of this sort: 'Come, Abraham and Sarah, from the oaks of Mamre; come Knox, who never feared the face of clay; come Luther, from thy lonely grave; come Chalmers, from Edinburgh; come Edward Irving,' &c.,—thus, as a Scotchman, giving an undue prominence to his own kin, and more than a share of his own fish-guts to his own sea-maws. And to this we object. Moreover, we object to any preacher taking any subject only because it gives him a chance of making fine writing out of it, and merely addressing himself to the curiosity, the vanity, the terrors, or the idleness of his hearers, and not to their conduct in common daily life. It is because Dr. Cumming takes these theatrical subjects and treats them in a theatrical way, that we cannot consider him as other than a religious actor, nor his Paris sermon as other than a stage-performance.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

IV.

The more I mixed in New York society, the more I was startled at the persistent efforts of everybody about me to appear of aristocratic lineage—to play the exclusive, the 'crême,' in their deportment to others supposed to be less fortunate in their extraction. Never in European society did I hear so much talk about 'good blood,' 'new people,' etc., as in certain New York salons; and this among people whose grandfathers were mechanics, petty tradesmen, small farmers, or what not,—all respectable callings, indeed, but not such as to warrant any especial pretensions to 'blood.'

Viewed whether from an aristocratic or a democratic standard, these American shades of distinction are very puzzling to all Europeans, and were particularly so to me.

The names immortalized by the American Revolution may and do confer an ennobling distinction; I met persons bearing those honored names, and found them far less pretentious than the descendents of speculators in merchandise, lands, marriage, etc.

It is difficult—nay impossible—in America to find out where high society begins and low society ends. No genuine middle class—at least, so it strikes me—exists. There is no aristocratic or democratic assay that can be applied to determine the exact amount of social alloy, or fix the precise scale of gradation in commercial, industrial, agricultural, mechanical, and other pursuits. The only true test would seem to be integrity, but this again becomes so very elastic when applied to the various means of attaining fortune, that it becomes as uncertain as any other. Accordingly when I frequented conventional society I found myself in a continual dilemma.

At a select evening party, on one occasion, so much was said about this and that family or individual not being equal to some other in extraction or standing, that, a little provoked, I jocosely observed to one of the guests, 'You are all so particular here, so exclusive, and so anxious not to commit yourselves in social intercourse, that I shall be puzzled to know with whom to associate.'

These words did my business for me in that set.

The elements that go to make one distingué in all the conventional and imaginary gradations of American society are, with rare exceptions, substantially the same; the difference consists in quantity, and this, again, is rather microscopic. Mental culture and attainments alone constitute now, almost everywhere, the normal standard, and in this country, these qualities are not always the most conspicuous in the upper stratum of society.

I soon discovered that Europeans of genuine as well as of spurious birth, were looked upon, when they come to this country, as being in search of rich wives; but to be considered myself as one of these fortune-hunters, would have been a reflection on my name and character, of the most humiliating kind. A charitable lady in New York society undertook to sound me on that point. My answer to her delicate suggestions was that I was too poor to support a wife, even if my age, etc., did not render marriage out of the question.

"But you can easily find a lady with six or seven thousand dollars income."

"Not enough, madame, to dress a Countess," was my reply.

And there the conversation ended.

More than once in the salons of New York, as afterwards in those of Boston, I found myself awkwardly placed on account of the absolute difference, in many respects, between the social conventional etiquette here, and that of European society in the usages of which I had been educated.

My position would have been still more awkward, but for my total indifference to the opinions of my new compatriots.

Certain rules of courtesy are the same all over Europe, like the signs of free-masonry: and as the latter always facilitates entrance to the different lodges, so the former always serve as a passport to the salon of good society.

Thus, among other things, it is customary in Europe that a stranger make the first calls,—not, indeed, indiscriminately, but upon the persons to whom he may have been suitably introduced; such introduction being *de rigeur* in the case of married ladies or heads of families. A day or two after introduction, a card is left, the law of politeness is fulfilled, and social relations may begin. Of course, no one in Europe calls upon or visits young unmarried women without being acquainted or else being invited to do so by the parents,—though this is constantly done in America. In Europe it would be considered as a piece of gross ill-breeding, and would involve the offending party in serious consequences.

Now, no one informed me that in America these two rules were reversed. In some instances, therefore, I adopted the European custom of leaving my card at the houses of citizens to whom I had been introduced; until, finally, a kind friend in Boston warned me that in America such a course would be considered not as an act of politeness but of intrusiveness.

In Europe the stranger receives the first calls only when he is of absolutely superior rank—such as a prince, an eminent statesman, a great commander, etc.—when this deference is paid to him as a recognition of his rank.

In American cities, almost every stranger of note is liable to be overrun by calls from everybody.

In the early Colonial times this was often an act of genuine hospitality to persons newly arrived in a strange and then hardly civilized land.

In other cases it was a recognition of the superiority of a person coming from the mother country; or, again, a mere impulse of curiosity to get fresh news, or to be the first to see a new-comer, such things always producing a sensation in a small community.

But when I see Americans run heels over head to make the first calls upon foreigners—above all, on juvenile sprigs of English aristocracy, coming to New York or Newport 'for the fun of the thing,' I always am sorry for my new compatriots who thus make themselves the object of ridicule by their obsequiousness and colonial deference to their former masters, the English nobility.

It was a long time, also, before I could understand why it was that an American gentleman will be polite to you in his office or counting-house, and quite otherwise in his house.

But after many years I found out the key to some, if not all of these riddles. Not upon the husband, the father, depends the etiquette of the house, but generally upon the wife, the daughter, whose courtesies are sometimes regulated by a lion-hunting disposition (which results in their catching often a 'pig-tail'), or by some weakness or whim of the kind.

Gurowski.

Chess Column

OF

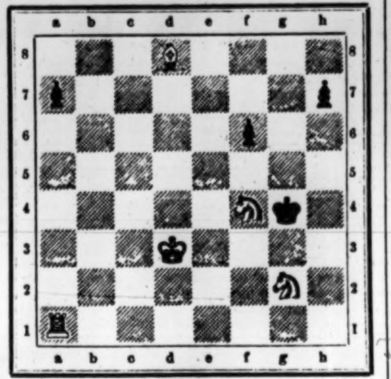
The New York Saturday Press.

September 15, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 46.

By G. N. Cheney, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Black.



White.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 45.

1. Q c8—b3	R g3—b3:	1. — —	Kt a1—c2:
2. Kt d3—c5†	K e4—e5†	2. Q b3—b7†	Q f4—f5
3. d2—d4‡		3. Kt e8—f6‡	
1. — —	R b5—b4†	1. — —	R b5—f5
2. Kt d3—b4:†	Kt a1—c2:	2. Kt d3—f4:†	Kt a1—c2:
3. d2—d3‡		3. Q b3—f5‡	

— A game wherein Mr. O. E. Michaelis gives the odds of King's Knight, which must be removed from the board:

Michaelis.	Mr. ——
1. e2—e4	e7—e5
2. B f1—c4	B f8—c5
3. 0—0	d7—d6
4. K g1—h1	f7—f5
5. f2—f4	f5—e4:
6. f4—e5:	d6—d5
7. B c4—b3	B c8—e6
8. d2—d4	B c5—b6
9. Kt b1—c3	Kt b8—c6
10. Kt c3—e2	g7—g5
11. Kt e2—g3	Kt g8—h6
12. Q d1—h5†	Kt h6—f7
13. Kt g3—e4:	d5—e4:
14. B b3—e6: and wins.	

Odds and Ends.

— There is a Chess-editor in this city who thinks that we have been backing him. He must have made some mistake. We never ride.

—Why don't some of our ingenious Chess-lovers occasionally invent whole games as well as problems? And why are not prizes occasionally offered for the best games as well as for the best positions?

—The first number of a new weekly paper called the *Household Journal* will appear in this city on the 21st of the present month. It is to contain a Chess Department.

—Meister Ingold in his book *Dz Guldin Spil* (the Golden Game, Augsburg, 1472) recommends Chess as an antidote to one of the seven deadly sins—pride. We suspect that the quaint old writer was not very intimately acquainted with some of our modern second and third rate players.

—When are we to hear the last of that 'celebrated Indian Problem?' A writer in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* asserts that 'the Indian Problem is known as the perfection of Enigmatic Chess.' It is, rather, the imperfection of it, being quite faulty in construction, and not near so difficult or pretty as any one of a thousand positions published since it appeared. Yesterday is not to-day.

—In Max Lange's *Paul Morphy: Skizze aus der Schachwelt* we find the following among other fanciful analogies between the game which Kings play at and the game in which Kings are played with: 'The respectful announcement of an attack against the king; the many obstructions put in the way of the clownish Pawn (*Bauer* or Peasant, in German) to prevent him from reaching the highest honors; and chiefly the inviolability and reciprocal inability of approaching each other, of the crowned heads.'

— Herr Lange displays a very considerable amount of bad taste in this book of his. He is as jealous of the Chess-reputation of Germany as our friend Artesianus is of that of Philadelphia. He was horrified when Herr Andersson announced his intention of going to Paris to encounter Mr. Morphy. He straightway wrote a letter to the Professor, of which the following is a specimen:

> The long established reputation of German mastership, stands in the opinion of all good Chess-players in the world, so high and immovable, that it does not require confirmation in a contest of our own seeking; and, considering the supercilious pretensions with which foreigners are in the habit of regarding our country, it behooves the proud consciousness of national power, not to imperil our dignity by making the first step towards the stranger.

He goes on to tell the Professor that a 'complete and decisive victory' will be the only excuse he can offer for making the first advances towards the stranger. In other words, 'if you win it will be all right; if you lose it will be all wrong.' All this reads delightfully in connection with the fact that Herr Anderssen obtained the greater part of his celebrity by going out of Germany to meet foreign players in the great London Tournament of 1851.

In the same work, Herr Anderssen was made to say that 'to be reckoned stronger than a Löwenthal he considered next door to nothing,' a remark which Anderssen himself now declares to have been 'unauthentic, offensive, and unjust.' This denial derives additional strength from the fact that Lange and Anderssen are coëditors of the *Schachzeitung*.

— By the next Cunard steamer, we ought to have news of the result of the Cambridge meeting of the British Chess Association. We doubt whether the proceedings will be of special interest. Since the management of the Association passed so entirely into the hands of the Staunton clique, its popularity has been decreasing year by year. The English players are growing tired of unauthorized proceedings and of broken engagements. The Report of the Birmingham meeting, which was entrusted to Mr. Staunton, has not appeared, and is not likely to appear. The subscribers are not very well satisfied, in consequence. This year's meeting should have been held at Worcester; but a transfer to Cambridge was made with the knowledge and consent of a few members only. The local committee has not announced the value of the prizes to be contended for, and has avoided giving any information as to what is to be done with the games. Probably the arrangements have been made so as to exclude as much as possible the 'foreigners,' who beat and otherwise annoy the great Koward. Among the latest grumblers at this state of things we find such men as Mr. Boden, the strongest English player, and Herr Löwenthal, who gained the first prize at the Birmingham meeting.

A RECENT GRADUATE OF HARVARD COLLEGE desires a few private pupils to fit for College. References: President Felton and Rev. Dr. Walker, Cambridge; Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Boston; Rev. Dr. Osgood, Prof. H. Webster, Wm. G. Meyer, Esq., William Tracy, Esq., C. F. Kirkland, Esq., New York. Address Box No. 161 Postoffice.

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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

posing the masked prisoner to have been an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. The scandalous intimacy existing between the queen and her brother-in-law, the turbulent and unprincipled Gaston of Orleans, supplied Voltaire with a not improbable hypothesis as to the possible paternity of the captive; and, undoubtedly, this hypothesis would do much towards explaining the apparent inconsistencies of the treatment he is known to have received.

It is evident that the queen, under the supposed circumstances, would naturally cause her son to be brought up carefully, but at a distance from the Court, and in ignorance of his parentage; and equally evident that a monarch like Louis XIV., jealous above all things of his rank and prerogative, utterly selfish, and shrinking from the infliction of no amount of suffering in the care of his own interests, would, on learning that he had a brother older than himself, probably resembling him in features and person, a brother who might not only cause a terrible scandal by showing himself to the world, or even endanger his crown by asserting his own legitimacy, and claiming the rights of primogeniture, would be quite capable of causing that brother to be incarcerated for life, and of blotting out his existence from the knowledge of his contemporaries, while avoiding the actual crime of fratricide. The superstitious punctiliousness of the King with regard to everything connected with the etiquette he conceived to be due to the personal treatment of persons of royal blood, would explain the ceremonious respect and the luxurious conditions of daily life, accorded to this unfortunate victim of State policy. Testimony of no slight importance, and confirming Voltaire's views, as set forth in the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' is adduced by M. Beuchot in the following note, which he has appended to his edition of the works of Voltaire:

"One day, at the royal levee, a short time before his death, Louis XVIII. appeared absorbed in his own thoughts, as was often the case with him, when a conversation sprang up between the Count de Pastoret, one of the chamberlains of the King, and one of his colleagues. M. de Pastoret warmly maintained the hypothesis of Voltaire. The King, as the discussion went on, seemed to rouse himself from his stupor, but said nothing. Next morning, at the levee, a fresh discussion was entered into by the same speakers on another controverted historical question, when M. de Pastoret was interrupted by the King, who remarked to him, 'Pastoret, you were right yesterday, but you are wrong to-day.'"

But notwithstanding the many weighty arguments that have been brought forward in favor of Voltaire's hypothesis—based, as he declares, on secret revelations made to him by persons of the highest rank—it may fairly be doubted whether it constitutes anything more than an approximation to the truth.

M. de Laborde, whose curiosity on the subject of the masked prisoner was so little successful with his royal master, is said to have discovered, at a subsequent period, among the papers of the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, an autograph letter addressed by the Duchess of Modena, daughter of the regent, to the Duke, who had formerly been included in the list of her adorers. The letter, which was in cipher, commenced thus: 'Behold, at last, this famous history. It has cost me horrible. . . . .' Towards the end of the last century, copies of this letter were privately circulated in Paris. In it the Dutchess states that her father had revealed to her that 'the Man in the Iron Mask' was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after him; that the fact of this double birth had been predicted to the King by the two shepherds, who declared that civil wars would result from the rival pretensions of two dauphins to the crown of France; that the birth of the first child took place in presence of all the great officers of State whose duty it was to be present on the occasion; that the birth of the second child—'handsomer and more lively than the other'—was witnessed only by the King, the chancellor, the Queen's almoner, a Lord of the Court, from Burgundy, who had come in the suite of the person who subsequently become the young Prince's Governor, and Madame Peronnet, midwife to the Queen; that the birth of this second child—the procès verbal of which was drawn up several times by the King, and at length signed by all present—was kept strictly secret, the King compelling all who were privy to it to take an oath never to divulge the fact, which, he said, must be concealed for reasons of State; that the second infant was confided to Madame Peronnet, to be by her brought up as the child of a lady of the court—the latter, between whom and her royal nursling a strong affection always existed, remaining with him until her death; that the young Prince, when old enough to need a tutor, was entrusted to the care of the Burgundian nobleman who had witnessed his birth, and who took him to his own residence near Dijon, where he kept him in the strictest privacy, maintaining an occasional correspondence on the subject of his ward with the queen-mother, the King, and the cardinal, educating the young Prince with the utmost care, and treating him with all the respect and deference due to one who might some day be his sovereign; that these marks of deference, on the part of one whom he had hitherto supposed to be his father, led the Prince, when approaching manhood, to seek to divine the mystery of his birth; that he contrived, unknown to his governor, to gain access to certain letters which the latter had received from the Court, and, having thus possessed himself in part of the secret of his parentage, contrived to procure a likeness of the King, whose close resemblance to himself sufficed to convert his suspicions into certainty, on which the King, being informed by the governor of this discovery on the part of his brother, and fearing that the latter might attempt some assertion of his claims, ordered both governor and pupil to be at once imprisoned for life.

This explanation of the mystery of the masked captive is supported by various details given in the 'Memoirs of Richelieu,' published in 1790, by Soulavie; a work which contains many errors, but whose information on the subject of the famous prisoner whose identity we are endeavoring to ascertain, is strongly confirmed in other quarters. Now Soulavie expressly asserts that a portion of the details he has given were 'derived from a statement drawn up by M. de Saint-Mars, governor of the captive prince, some time before his death;' and, singularly enough, after the Revolution of July, M. Auguste Billiard, formerly secretary-general of the Ministry of the Interior, recounts, in a letter addressed by him to the 'Review of the Historical Institute,' that, under the First Empire, he had held in his hands a statement written by Saint-Mars himself, relative to the secret mission which had been confided to him. This manuscript, taken from the archives of the office of the Minister of the Interior, had been lent by M. de Hauterive, Guardian of the Archives, to M. de Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, to whose cabinet M. Billiard was attached. This latter gentleman affirms that no doubt can be raised as to the genuineness of this document, the paper, the writing, the style, all indicating that it really belongs to the age of Louis XIV. He gives the name of the clerk who made the copy retained by the minister, and adds that the son of M. de Montalivet was then in possession of the copy so obtained. He finishes his statement by asserting that two other persons (M. Goubault, Prefect of the Var, and M. Labiche, Chief of Division in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior) had also read the manuscript of Saint-Mars.

A few years after this letter appeared a copy of the statement of M. de Saint-Mars was offered to the editors of the 'Memoirs of Everybody,' then in course of publication. This copy was at once submitted to M. Billiard, who declared it to be a transcript, word for word, of the document which he had read in the original. The editors, therefore, felt justified in publishing it in their work, in the third volume of which it may be read at length. The following passages are extracted from it:—

"The unfortunate Prince whom I have brought up and guarded to the end of my days, was born the 5th of December, 1638, at half-past eight o'clock, when the King was at supper. His brother, the present King, was born at noon of the same day, while the King was at dinner. But, just as the birth of the present King was brilliant and splendid, the birth of his brother was sad and secret. The King, informed by the midwife that the Queen was about to give birth to a second child, had ordered the Chancellor of France, the first almoner, the Queen's confessor, and myself, as well as the midwife, to remain in her Majesty's chamber. He told us all, in the Queen's presence, in order that she might hear the command, that we should answer with our heads for the revelation of the birth of a second Dauphin, that he willed his birth to be kept a State-secret, the Salic Law making no provision for the inheritance of the kingdom in case of the birth of two eldest sons of the monarch.

"What had been predicted by the midwife came to pass, and the Queen gave birth to a second Dauphin, still prettier and better made than the one previously born; this latter prince ceased not to cry and moan, as though he foresaw the life of suffering and denial upon which he had entered. The Chancellor of France drew up the procès verbal of this marvellous birth, unique in our history; his majesty was not satisfied with this document, and caused him to rewrite it several times, until he was satisfied with it, burning the first copy, although the Almoner remonstrated on the subject, declaring that the king could not keep secret the birth of the Dauphin, to which the king replied, that he had reasons of State for so doing.

"The king then made us all sign an oath that we would never divulge the birth of the last-born prince; the chancellor signed first, then the almoner, then the queen's confessor, and then I; the oath was also signed by the queen's surgeon, and by the midwife, and the king attached this oath to the procès verbal, and carried away the document, of which I have never heard anything farther. After this the midwife took away the last-born prince, whom she was charged to bring up; and as the king feared lest she should gossip about his birth, she has often told me that he frequently threatened to put her to death if she ever divulged this secret; he also forbade the rest of us, who had witnessed his birth, to speak of this fact even between ourselves. Not one of us has hitherto broken this oath. The king had ordered us to make a thorough examination of the unfortunate prince, who had a mole above the left elbow, a yellow mark on the right side of the neck, and a still smaller mole on the thickest part of the right thigh; for his Majesty intended, in case the first-born prince should die, to substitute in his place the royal infant whose guardianship he had confided to us; and for this cause he required our signature to the registration of birth, which he sealed with a small royal seal in our presence, and which, as already said, we signed according to his majesty's order, and after him.

"As regards the childhood of the second-born prince, Dame Peronnet brought him up at first as though he were her own child; but he was thought to be the illegitimate child of some great nobleman, because it was clear from the great expense she was at for him that he was the son of some very rich man, although not acknowledged.

"When the prince grew older, Monseigneur le Cardinal Mazarin, to whom was confided the direction of his education, after Monseigneur le Cardinal de Richelieu, placed him in my care that I should educate and bring him up like a king's son, but in secret. Dame Peronnet remained in his service until her death, being greatly attached to him, and he still more so to her. The prince was educated in my house, in Burgundy, with all the care due to a king's son.

"I have had frequent conversations with the queen-mother during the troubles of the Fronde, and her Majesty appeared to me to fear that if ever the existence of this child should be known during the lifetime of his brother, the young king, certain malcontents might make it a pretext for getting up a revolt, as many doctors think that the last born of two twins is, in reality, the elder, and that therefore this captive prince should be rightful king, though other doctors give a contrary opinion. This fear, however, could never induce her to destroy the written proofs of the young prince's birth; because, if the young king had died, she intended to make the prince king in his room, although she had another son. She often told me that she preserved these written proofs in her casket.

"I gave to the unfortunate prince all the education I should have wished to receive myself, and no prince in the world ever had a better. The only thing with which I have to reproach myself, is that I made him unhappy without intending to do so; for, as he was seized, about the age of nineteen, with a strong desire to know who he was, overwhelming me with questions upon the subject, and as I showed myself more resolutely silent the more he implored me to tell him his history, he resolved thenceforth to hide his curiosity, and to make me believe that he thought himself my son.

"I often, when we were alone, and he called me his father, told him that he was mistaken; but I no longer opposed the sentiment which he affected to feel towards me, perhaps in order to induce me to speak; I allowing him to fancy himself my son, and he pretending to rest in that idea, but still seeking some means of ascertaining who he was.

"Two years had passed thus when an unfortunate piece of imprudence on my part, for which I reproached myself bitterly, revealed to him in part who he was. He knew that the king frequently sent me messengers; and one day I had the misfortune to leave unlocked the casket in which I kept the letters from the queen and cardinal. He read a part of them and guessed the contents of the rest with his usual penetration, confessing to me afterwards that he had possessed himself of the letter which was the most expressive with regard to his birth.

"I remember that about this time his behavior to me became harsh and rude, instead of friendly and respectful as it had formerly been; but I did not at first suspect the cause of this change, for I have never been able to imagine by what means he got at my casket, and he would never tell me how he had done it. He one day committed himself so far as to ask me for the portraits of the late and the present king. I replied that all the engravings of them were so bad that I was waiting for the appearance of some better ones before having them in my house. This reply, which did not satisfy him, was followed by a request to be allowed to go to Dijon. I have since learned that his object was to see a portrait of the King which was there, and to go thence to the Court, which was then at St. Jean de Luz, on account of the king's marriage with the Infanta, that he might compare himself with his brother, and see whether he resembled him. This project of his came to my knowledge, and from that moment I never left him.

"The young prince was exceedingly handsome; and having fallen in love with a young lady employed in my house, whose affections he had gained, he procured from her a portrait of his brother. Although the strictest orders had been given to all my household to give him nothing, she gave him an engraving of the king. The unfortunate Prince recognised the likeness—and well he might, for one portrait would have served for both, so like were the two brothers—and this sight threw him into such a fury, that he came to me, exclaiming: 'This is my brother's portrait! This shows who I am!'

"He then showed me the letter of Cardinal Mazarin, which he had stolen from my casket, and avowed the discovery he had made. This scene took place in my house.

"The fear of seeing him escape, and make his appearance at the king's marriage, compelled me to send a messenger to his Majesty to inform him of the opening of my casket, and my need of fresh instructions. The king sent his orders by M. le Cardinal, commanding that we should both be imprisoned until further orders; and that he should be informed that this severity was brought upon us both through his pretensions.

"I have suffered with him in our common prison until this time, when I believe that my sentence of recall from earth has been pronounced by my Judge on high; and I cannot refuse, for the tranquillity of my soul, and for that of my pupil, a sort of declaration which will enable him to deliver himself from the ignominious state in which he is, if the king should die without children. Can a compulsory oath force me to keep secret that which ought to be made known to posterity?

SAINT-MARS."

The authenticity of this document, notwithstanding the intrinsic evidence it contains of being a genuine production of the epoch whose date it bears, has been questioned on account of its signature; as the name of 'Saint-Mars' has been supposed to be that of the Governor of the Bastille, in whose wardship the unfortunate prisoner is known to have passed so many years, and who, it is evident, could neither have acted as tutor to the captive, nor—as he survived his ward—have written a statement destined to throw light on the identity of the latter, after his own decease.

But the letter of the Duchess of Modena expressly states that the Burgundian nobleman who witnessed the birth of the second of the twins, and to whose care the ill-fated prince was confided during his boyhood, had come to Court in the train of the person who was afterwards his governor, that is to say, of the M. de Saint-Mars who held the posts of governor in the prisons of Pignerol, Sainte-Marguerite, and the Bastille; and the whole difficulty vanishes if we suppose this unnamed lord, brought to St. Germain by M. de Saint-Mars, and like him a native of Burgundy, to have been a relative of his patron, and to have borne the same name; a supposition which, considering the general aptitude of successful courtiers like Saint-Mars to introduce their kinsfolk into the sphere of royal favor, is certainly by no means improbable.

Assuming this supposition to be correct, and the first twenty years of the young prince's existence to have been passed in retirement under the care of the first governor, the blank already noticed in the history of the masked prisoner previous to his incarceration at Pignerol is at once accounted for; while the choice of that fortress as the residence of the mysterious captive is satisfactorily explained by the fact that it was already under the command of an officer who was not only a devoted and unscrupulous agent of the king, but also a kinsman of the young prince's first guardian; one who was probably initiated already into the secret of the prisoner's birth, and who, moreover, on account of his relationship to the guardian whose remissness had incurred the royal displeasure, would be doubly vigilant in his custody of the captive thus confided to him.

The woman mentioned by the Abbé Papon, as having waited on the masked prisoner, and who was buried at night in the Island of Sainte-Marguérite, may probably have been Madame Peronnet; and as no second prisoner is mentioned by M. de Jonca as having been brought with the masked prisoner to the Bastille, it would seem that the death of the unfortunate tutor must also have preceded that event; the Sieur de Rosargues, who accompanied the masked captive to the last of his prison-dwellings, and to his grave, having probably been admitted to his service on the decease of his former guardian.

The editors of the 'Memoirs of Everybody' affirmed, in 1835, that the original of this document still existed in the archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and this statement has never been contradicted. It is natural that this document, supposing it to be authentic, should be in the archives of that department rather than of any other, as it would, in all probability, have been sent by the writer to some foreign place for safety, and would be brought back thence by some agent of the French government. It is true that the assertion of Louis XVIII. to M. de Pastoret would appear to invalidate the statement of Saint-Mars; but it is quite possible that he may have preferred to allow it to be thought that Louis XIV. sacrificed an illegitimate half-brother, rather than a prince of the blood-royal, whose claims might be held to invalidate those of that monarch, and consequently of himself as his descendant. On the other hand, if we consider the confirmation which the letter of the Duchess of Modena—with the exception of the legendary addition of the prophecy of the two shepherds—the Memoirs of Richelieu and the declaration of Saint-Mars lend to each other, and the perfect explanation thus afforded of the various contradictory points in the history of the prisoner in question, we may fairly conclude, that we have at length arrived at the true explanation of an historical puzzle which has been sought in vain for the last hundred and fifty years.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

BY ZELOTES R. BENNETT.

I am dreaming to-night, as I rest on the floor,
With the stars peeping in through the vines at the door,
I am dreaming sweet dreams, that have come with the night,
Like blossoms that never unfold in the light—
That modestly hide their sweet eyes from the light.

How busy my thoughts!—how they startle and glow,
Like the fire-flies that flash out their brilliancy so!
And I catch with delight the bewildering gleam,
As my heart floats along on the silvery stream—
A bubble, alas! on the swift running stream!

There are light, airy figures, that glide through the room,
And beautiful faces that shine 'mid the gloom;
And the music of laughter steals in through the door,
Like the splashing of ripples that break on the shore—
Of ripples that kiss the bright sands on the shore.

A score of rich voices are thrilling my ears
With a melody sweet, that is softened by years;
And light-fingered maidens, with love's golden dart,
Are striking old strains on the strings of my heart,
Which vibrate and thrill on the strings of my heart.

There are eyes beaming love, and there's love in the tone
Of the tremulous whisper that answers my own;
There are dark auburn tresses that mingle with mine,
And a face all aglow with a rapture divine—
A face that is beaming with rapture divine.

And then there's a sorrow comes back through the years,
And the eyes that were brightest are heavy with tears;
And then in the moonlight two fond lovers part,
And uttered are words that have broken a heart—
Those harsh, cruel words, that have broken a heart.

So my dreams are indeed like the gloom and the glow
Of the fire-flies that flash out their brilliancy so:
Now bright and now dark, mingling pleasure with pain—
One moment all sunshine, and then clouds and rain—
Like a day in the Summer—first sunshine, then rain.

— The authoress of 'The Semi-Detached House,' has in press a volume entitled the 'Semi-Attached Couple.' A novel upon the subject suggested by this title, is much more calculated to find sympathetic readers in this country, than the first work by the same author was.

— The representation of sporting-cockneys seems to be an inexhaustible source of sport to the entire English nation. The fat John Bulls who have never backed a horse seem never to grow tired of the exquisite but subtle fun there is in pictures of gentlemen in red-coats riding violently across the country, and meeting with more or less serious mishaps in the pursuit of a fox, or a steeple, or some other such worthy and gamesome object. Messrs. Routledge & Co. have catered to this taste by announcing as in press a work with the following facetious title, 'The Tommiebeg Shootings, or, a Moru in Scotland,' a work which is described as 'an amusing description of two cockney adventurers in pursuit of sport.' Similia similibus.

— Messrs. Saunders and Otley announce a new novel with the suggestive title of 'A Skeleton in the Cupboard,' by Lady Scott.

— Messrs. Routledge, Warne & Routledge, have written a letter which appeared in the *Critic* of August 25, denying that Alexander Dumas took his life of Garibaldi from an American publication, and in proof of their assertion present the following copy of a note from Mr. Dumas himself:

Marseilles, 9 Août 1860.

J'ai le manuscrit Italien de Garibaldi lui-même. Je vais le faire copier, et vous l'envoyer aussitôt mon retour à Palerme.
Je n'ai puisé dans aucun volume Anglais ni Américain.

(Signed) ALEX. DUMAS.

— 'The French Académie des Sciences has just received a communication which has literally caused the quills upon that fretful porcupine to stand on end with horror. A savant of Wurtzburg, M. Virchow by name, announces the fearful discovery he has just made of the existence of a dreadful microscopical animal, the *Trichina spiralis*, in the flesh of hogs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausages, or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterwards; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A post-mortem examination shows the muscles of the body to be filled with Trichina spiralis, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the ravages of this horrible little monster. Moses knew well what he was about when he forbade the use of swine's flesh to his countrymen.'

This discovery is possibly an explanation of the hitherto mysterious fact that the entire population of Cincinnati and other pork-eating towns die off regularly every year, and are kept alive only by the influx of immigrant Frenchmen who have never eaten bacon.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

Why is a fast girl like the Great *Eastern* Steamship? Because when she goes ahead, one is sure to see a Swell after her.—*Punch.*

[From the National Quarterly Review, for September.]

LEAVES OF GRASS.

If it be an essential attribute of poetry to afford pleasure and delight to the mind, in proportion as the latter is refined by culture, the performance, entitled 'Leaves of Grass,' have little claim, considered as a poem, to that title; for in no work of the same size have we ever read so much that is disgusting and repulsive. The author seems to exult in being as indecent, obscene, and profane as possible. This is the more to be regretted, because, in the midst of a great deal of the silliest twaddle, and the most unmeaning bombast, we find thoughts of rare beauty and striking force, wonderful felicity of expression, and imagery at once the boldest and most pleasing. Nor are the passages of the latter kind by any means few; although, undoubtedly, the predominating qualities throughout the book are coarseness and vulgarity; so that we often meet with whole stanzas which are too filthy to be quoted. There is a modesty in nature herself, which those who understand her will not overstep; but Walt Whitman (for this we understand is the name of the would-be Homer) goes beyond nature, or rather, in most cases he fails to reach her. Decency requires that we sometimes draw a veil over what is natural; but though such is hidden by common consent, it is not absurd or revolting like many of the images and precepts of Mr. Walt Whitman. We have, now, neither time nor space to illustrate our remarks by suitable extracts. We will, however, give two or three, which we think will sufficiently justify our views, if they do not give a correct idea of the true character of 'Leaves of Grass.' Such egotism and bravado as the following, are to be found at almost every page:

> "I believe in the flesh, and in the appetites,
> Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.
>
> Divine am I, inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch, or am touched from,
> The scent of these arm-pits, aroma finer than prayer,
> This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.
> If I worship any particular thing, it shall be some of the spread of my own body."—p. 55.

Be it observed, that this is chaste and decent compared to what follows, but which we take care to omit. Nor is he, generally, much more pleasing or poetical in his scenic descriptions. Thus in describing a sea-fight, he sings (?):

> "We had received some eighteen pound shots under the water,
> On our lower gun-deck two large pieces burst at the first fire, killing all around, and blowing up overhead."—p. 76.

As a specimen of his patriotism, we give one stanza:

> "To you of New England,
> To the man of the sea-side State, and of Pennsylvania,
> To the Canadian of the North—to the Southerner I love,
> These with perfect trust, to depict you as myself—the germs are in all men;
> I believe the main purport of these States is to be found a superb friendship, exalté, previously unknown,
> Because I perceive it waits, and has been always waiting in all men."—p. 374.

Leaving poetry out of the question, it would be difficult to find duller prose than this. Yet, as we have said, Walt Whitman can be occasionally musical, tender, and pathetic. As an instance, we quote a part of a death-bed scene, which is as beautifully drawn as it is truthful and touching:

> "When the dull nights are over, and the dull days also,
> When the soreness of lying so much in bed is over,
> When the physician, after long putting off, gives the silent and terrible look for an answer,
> When the children come hurried and weeping, and the brothers and sisters have been sent for,
> When medicines stand unused on the shelf, and the camphor-smell has pervaded the rooms,
> When the faithful hand of the living does not desert the hand of the dying,
> When the twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of the dying,
> When the breath ceases and the pulse of the heart ceases,
> Then the corpse-limbs stretch on the bed, and the living look upon them,
> They are palpable as the living are palpable.
> The living look upon the corpse with their eyesight,
> But without eyesight lingers a different living and looks curiously on the corpse."

Nor is this, by any means, the best we could cull from the pages of 'Leaves of Grass.' We have read and reread in it many passages much more exquisite; but nevertheless, we cannot regard Walt Whitman as a true poet. That he has genius there can be no doubt, though it is certainly not of a high order. In wading through his uncouth rhapsodies, we are reminded of the pompous, but generally empty speeches which Homer puts into the mouth of Paris, especially of that line in which he makes Helen inform us that the braggart libertine was but ill supplied with sense—

> *Τούτῳ δ' οὔτ' ἂρ νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι, οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίδδω ἔδδονται.*

The publishers have done their part well. A better printed book, coming even from Boston, we have not seen in a good while. We have never seen Walt Whitman to our knowledge; nor do we know anything of him further than we learn from his book, but we think there is reason to fear that he will be too much read by a class of persons not capable of picking the diamonds out of the putrescent filth in which they are imbedded.

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